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THE  
HISTORY  
AND  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
GODFREY RANGER;

*In Three Volumes.*

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BY D. W. PAYNTER.

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Andax omnia perpeti,  
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.

*Horace.*

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.

*Virgil. Æneid. 1.*

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VOL. III.

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1813.



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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 277: 1001-1002, 1997.

...and the fact that the *Journal* is a journal of the American Psychological Association, the largest and most prestigious of the professional organizations in the field of psychology, is a source of great pride and honor for me.

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THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
GODFREY RANGER.

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CHAP. I.

*In which the Author talks very wisely,  
and all in a breath, about Knight-  
Errantry, Romance, Chivalry, Ridi-  
cule, and Fame.*

IT is impossible to read Don Quixote without admiring his great good sense, and general knowledge of men and manners; and pitying the man, possessing them, who could be led astray by the vagaries of idle fancies; and so waste his time and talents in ridiculous and vain pursuits.

The character of Sancho Panza is that of a selfish retainer; who follows the fortune of his principal on the prospect of advantage, and whose services are secured only by the hopes of reward. Without genius to devise, he has sense enough to perceive, that the mad schemes of his master lead to nothing; but still the hopes of the government of an Island or Province, attach, or rather tempt him, to his duty. When he wavers, through despondency, and thinks of his Teresa, it is only to put him in mind of his government, and anchor his hopes in good living. And these are the principles which link him to the cracked knight; whose virtues and foibles we cannot help admiring and compassionating, while we despise the squire for his selfish and sensual meanesses, and laugh at his disappointments, drubbings, and proverbial observations.

There can, I think, be little doubt, that pure knights-errant had one general mistress, and she was Truth. For her,

they bore fatigues, imprisonments, mortifications, and death. The *enchanters* were the *unlawful pleasures*, and the *giants* the *unruly passions*; the one seducing by temptations; the other dragging, by the *gross appetites*, to the *castles* of *vicious habits*; from which there were no means of escape, but by *miracle*, or the vigour of *native virtue*.

When the design was forgot, the Sun of judgment set; and Fancy took up the pencil, and produced *painted clouds*; and these were exhibited in the extravagance of Romance. Then, in the rear, came Ignorance, with her palette-bearer Superstition; and blurred the delicate tints of the one, and glaring colours of the other, with an overwhelming gloom, thicker than the darkness of Erebus.

Romance-writings encouraged that humour of creating adventures, for the exercise of chivalry, with which mankind were, at one period of time, bewitched;

and to repress it was the employment of the pen of Cervantes. How admirably he executed his design, his own inimitable Legend is a proof ; as the total extinction of the mad knights is of its effect.

By the bye, if such a Genius were *now* living, and in England, what sport might he have in hunting down the leading vices and follies a-la-mode !!

I have seen it, some where or other, observed, that ridicule was the *touchstone* of the merit, or demerit, of any thing. I think there is no truth in that position. The best subjects, the most distinguished actions, and most exalted characters, are the most exposed to it. It is very easy for any man to burlesque, when he is incapable of giving a simple imitation of either.

Buffon takes notice, that the most stupid of the brute creation are remarkable for their power of mimicry: there is an

awkwardness in it, however, which has the effect of the burlesque; and while they afford us an uncouth pleasure, they make themselves contemptible. This is a species of ridicule, but it is *brutal*; and the ape-beast is not conscious of it, nor do his brother-brutes feel it. It is the same in rational buffoonery; if reason be not degraded by the application of that epithet. The most stupid of mankind, I mean those who are (the phrase will not be too coarse, I hope;) at the tail-end of humanity, are generally excellent in this species of wit: and here stand I, *self-condemned*.

...When reason fails in its efforts to convince, ridicule may be resorted to with a good grace: but then it ought not to be used as a cudgel, but as a slender switch. In the one case, it beats the offensive and unoffending parts of the person at whom it is levelled, indiscriminately, and consequently defeats its own purpose, which was only to chastise the offensive part. In



the other, it lashes the listless and profligate qualities, without so much as grazing the virtuous and good.

I know not of any object on whom this talent of ridicule can be exercised with more propriety and becoming fitness, than the man who is bringing himself to ruin by slow degrees; for 'tis well known, that the gradual sinking of character affords less hopes of recovery, than a sudden plunge: it becomes, as it were, soaked, and loses its virtuous, buoyant energy. And he who is tied to the apron-string of Ambition, and dances attendance upon Popular applause, is a no less *deserving object*, and ought to be scourged to his heart's content.

The acclamations of an idolatrous crowd, and the fustian panegyrics of contemporary scribblers, may make you notorious, and cause people to stare at you as you walk in the streets: but will they give your name the stamp of immortality?

The fact is, true and solid fame does not sit easy on the back of flesh and blood ; and he that deserves her, and would have her in all her purity, must die for it.

The Fable of Orpheus' going down into Hell to bring back his Euridice, means nothing more than that a man's merit is never acknowledged before his death. Invention has added to truth, and Fancy has embellished it. His looking back on the object he doted on, and thereby losing her, would, if the History had been real, exemplify the sentiment of Lord Mansfield, that great and extraordinary man, in a Question, concerning Wilkes. I do not at present remember his expression, and therefore shall not spoil the beauty of the thought, by clothing it in my own clownish dress.

The real substance of the story of Orpheus is, that fame cannot be secured even by Death. Grave applause is soon pulled in pieces by the envious, who will

allow merit neither to the living nor the dead. Orpheus passionately loved true fame. His taste, as it condemned those who more regarded the windy applause and acclamation of the world, than that self-approbation which results from virtuous actions, which only have a claim to posthumous esteem, naturally excited the vain pursuers of fame to tear a character dissimilar to their own in pieces, even when he was dead. These were the enraged Nymphs that destroyed the Bard. Orpheus outlived his reputation; and then it was irrecoverable while he lived.

In our own time, we have seen the same Farce revived and re-acted; and it would be no surprising thing if the invincible Wellington outlived his reputation. The future Historian will, however, be faithful, and do justice to his great deeds; and Posterity will be grateful to his memory. Lord Mansfield is not yet forgotten by those who have understanding to discern, and taste to admire, a great Genius, ex-

exercised in unfolding the intricacies of an obscure Science, in the most elegant and comprehensive simplicity of language. I hope he will be remembered not only by lawyers, but by every man of principle and talents, when his Doctrine of Libels is forgot.

## CHAP. II.

*Which savours strongly of Quixotism.*

I SHIFTED, with all consistent alertness, from one thing to another, until I had put Jenny in good spirits; and we carried on a very pleasant confabulation, (in the course of which, many of the jeopards and chivalric exploits, particularly that relating to the great Nicholas Waspby, which I had performed when at school, and which she had had a finger in, were brought upon the carpet) for upwards of an hour: and after I had made her a staunch promise that I would revisit her in the afternoon, we parted. She went out to purchase something for her dinner; and I set forward, post-haste, to the house of Mr. Theobald Fribbler, attorney at law: for, as I could lay the poor girl's misery at nobody's door but his, I was resolved to leave no stone unturned to make him do something for her.

By dint of good speed, I had the knock-er of the door in my hand in a few minutes ; and I gave a rap that would have thrown many a delicate lady into an hysteric ; made a deaf man stare stupidly about him ; or a *somnambulo* scratch his dreaming pate, and stride quietly back to his bed : nay, such a rattle did it make within, that the two livery-gentlemen, *alias* gentlemen in livery, whom Mr. Fribbler kept as a part of his equipage *in ordinary*, and who, by the way, were sad dilatory dogs, shewed their pretty persons to me both at once.

The senseless surprise which appeared in their faces, when they saw that a single creature *on foot* had made all the noise, would unquestionably have induced many a physiognomist to have suspected, that they were born fools : and for all I asked them several times, if their master was at home, they did not give me either a yes or a no ; but stood gaping at me with such intolerable stupidity, that I had a great mind to reach them both a knock with my stick.

One of them, at last, told me, that if I wanted to see Mr. Fribbler, I must go to his office. Having inquired whereabouts it was, I flew off in a tangent. But it may not be amiss to tell thee, reader, that when I was going down the steps, I heard one of the lace-dighted heroes mutter to the other, with a sneering titter, "Dem'me, thought 'twas coach and six at the door, 'pon soul!"

By good luck, I caught the attorney within. He was flying about the clerks'-office in no very delightful humour; giving three or four of those gentlemen, for there were six in the room that I saw, a hearty tongue-thrashing, for making blunders in their writing.

He did not seem to know me at first; but when I spoke, and told him, that I had brought a small job for him, he shook me cordially by the hand, and cried out, "Ha—dear me,—I am glad to see you, Mr. Ranger! Upon my faith, sir, I am

in the habit of seeing such a diversity of faces, that I scarcely know any of my relations at first sight."

He took me, with a good deal of ceremonious impertinence, into his own private apartment; and as soon as we had got properly fixed on our chairs, I opened the business to him in as concise a way as possible.

"I believe you were formerly acquainted, sir," said I; "with a young woman of the name of Philips?" He made me no answer, but started aghast, and looked as if he had been going to sink into the earth.

I gave him a few minutes to recollect himself in, and then repeated my demand, with a firmness of voice that I but seldom used.

He replied, in a confused and tremu-



lous manner, "Why, yes, sir, I did once know such a person. Dead, I presume?"

"No, sir;" cried I; "she is alive, though in a very crazy condition."

"In Bedlam, I fancy?" cried he, with a little more confidence.

"No, sir;" cried I; "she is not in Bedlam either; but I really wonder how she has kept out of that place: for, in truth, she has suffered hardships that would have tried the senses of a philosopher."

"Poor creature!" cried he; "I am sorry to hear that she has been unfortunate. I have a great respect for her, because—because, sir, I have met her twice or thrice in company: she has been frequently at my office too, upon business. A smart kind of a girl!"

"Come, come, sir;" cried I, growing rather warm; "this subtilty is very in-

consistent. You know, too well, that you are the author of her distress."

"How, sir!" cried he, trembling very hard; "I the author of her distress! I, sir! I, say you? I don't understand you, sir!"

"You are unwilling to understand me, Mr. Fribbler," retorted I; "The person who has been guilty of a vicious action, is seldom brought to confession; but, on the contrary, will stick at nothing to evade it. Can you deny, sir, that you led the poor girl astray, took her into keeping, and afterwards cast her off?"

"Explain yourself, sir!" cried he, hanging down his head; "I don't know what you mean."

"I cannot speak in plainer English, sir;" cried I; "therefore it will be unnecessary to repeat what I have said."

“ Well, sir ;” cried he, picking up a few grains of courage ; “ and suppose I did take her into keeping, and all the rest, what have you to do with it, pray ?”

“ A very great deal, sir, I assure you.” answered I, pretty quickly ; “ Having lived, for several years, in the same house with her, it cannot be supposed, but that I have some friendship for her : but leaving that out, it is certainly my duty, as a Christian, to redress, if possible, the wrongs done to a fellow-creature. I am astonished, sir, greatly astonished, that a man of your character and fortune, should have stooped to such a despicable act of villainy.”

“ Vallainy, sir ?” echoed he, pretending to go into a great passion ; I say pretending, for he was too much confounded to think of going into one in earnest : “ Zounds, that word is unpardonable ! I will make you prove it, sir ! I will endict you for defamation : yes, sir, I will

let you see that you are not to insult me with impunity."

Here he sprang off his chair, and strutted about the room (repeating the word villainy, at every stride, with savage emphasis) like a little dandy-cock that has received some indignity from one of the larger breed.

I let his mock fume take its course; and when he had stalked himself into a glow, he thought proper to take his seat again; trying out—"Never was man so abominably treated under his own roof!"

"Hark ye, Mr. Fribbler!" cried I, resolved to push him home; "Would not you call that person who, after inciting you to commit a dishonest action, demolished you in your profession and the good opinion of the world, a most complete villain? You will, doubtless, answer, yes. What title of reproach, then, would you fix upon that man who wheedles a

poor girl to abandon her friends and home, deserts her, and, after that, hires three ruffians to ravish her, and leave her naked in the open fields?"

I was about to proceed, but I plainly saw that I had given him as much as he could well bear; so I desisted for a few moments.

When he was in a condition to hear me, I told him, in much gentler terms than he deserved, that the true motive of my visit was to solicit him to make her a yearly allowance, and not to upbraid him: that if he had been more ingenuous, I should not have gone such lengths: and, lastly, that if he was ashamed of what he had done, and wished to patch his tattered honour, he would not let slip the present opportunity.

He took almost as much offence at the words tattered honour, as he had done at the term villainy, and was going to trip

about the room again ; but I begged him to keep his seat.

“ You are the most presumptuous young fellow I ever met with ! ” cried he, sputtering ; “ Recollect, sir, that I am your senior : you are but a stripling, sir ! There is a kind of—of—of awful deference due to me ; from you at least : I say, from you, sir ! mind that ! yes, sir, mind that ; and curb your insolence ! ”

“ Upon my soul, sir,” cried I, well-nigh ready to leap through the window of gravity ; for there was such an huddle of different sorts of fear peeping through his sham wrath : “ upon my soul, you take umbrage at a very little. It is far from my intention to insult you. I only wish you to repair, as well as you can, the damage you have done the poor girl. Her condition, I assure you, cannot be more deplorable than it is : indeed, it absolutely demands immediate succour.”

“ Well, and what have I to do with her condition ?” cried the scoundrel ; (no disparagement to his profession.) “ It is not my place to supply her wants, is it ? She is no relation of mine : no, sir ; I’ll let you know she’s no relation of mine. I suppose, she has promised to palm you, if you get any thing out of me ! that’s the truth of the matter. Yes, yes ; palm you, sir ! I repeat it—palm you ! I am up to people’s quirks ! I know the world, sir ! Bribery,—corrupt bribery, sir !—There lies the grand point !—A dirty business, sir !—a demn’d dirty business !”

If I had been an orator, I had plenty of room to make a long speech about disinterestedness, and a thousand pretty things to the same purpose ; but, as my tongue had never many *roses* growing about it, I contented myself with telling him, in simple English, that I did not value his suspicions a rush.

“ Perhaps not :” cried he, with a snarl-

ing look ; “ you have face enough for any thing. I was never so abominably used in the whole *orbicular* course of my existence. Tread upon a worm, and it will turn, as the proverb is. Gad’s my life, such treatment would have roused me, if I had been in lawful possession of the patience of Job.”\*

He said many other things of equal insignificance ; and his natural impudence gained ground rather faster than I expected. In short, I clearly saw, that fair words would not be able to bring his conscience over to the side of honesty ; so I was determined to bully him. Accordingly, when he was in the middle of his rascally jargon, I jumped, all of a sudden, upon my feet ; and looking at him, fiercely, cried out, in a good mobbing key, “ Look you, sir ! Since you are resolved to be a rogue, you shall not want friends to dub you a knight of the halter. It is in

\* He pronounced this word *Jöb*.



my power to do you the favour myself; and do it I will, you may rest assured. You see, sir, I know in what manner the law rewards ravishment."

I ended this pauciloquy with a stout d—n me! (for, though I hate to hear a man swear like a trooper, or, indeed, swear at all, I conceive a mannerly oath, when one is reduced to the necessity of playing the Hector, is of great help) and putting on my hat, which I cocked very much in front, I made long strides towards the door.

As the ready cat, first couching, falls, with a sudden spring, on its prey: or, as the dexterous bailiff pursues his fated prisoner, and coming up with him, salutes him, with an eager clap on the shoulder: just so, when I was heaving up the latch, darted the terrified lawyer upon me, and seized hold of my coat-lap; crying, in the most downright cowish manner I ever heard, "Don't ruin me! don't

destroy me! don't raze me! don't demolish me! For the love of Christian mercy, come back; and I will agree to any thing. I was but in joke, Mr. Ranger! I call my good Genius to witness, I was but in joke."

He uttered these entreaties with such little regard to caution, that they reached the ears of his six clerks; who came running into the room like a parcel of staring Bedlamites. Taking it into their heads, as I imagine, that I had been doing something to their master *contra legem*, they were making ready to shew their zeal for him in a very unfair way; in other words, they were going to ribroast me: but, to the great ease and content of my heart, the little lawyer, having in some degree recovered himself, cursed them all for a pack of obtruding rascals; and, as they did not think proper to move out as quickly as they moved in, he fell a kicking the hindmost of them upon the b—ch; and used his foot so expertly, that we had soon

the room to ourselves again. So far, so good.

“ This is the way those meddling scoundrels often serve me, Mr. Ranger!” cried he, straining hard to look like a man of consequence; “ Upon my faith, sir, I don’t believe there is a soul in Christendom so strangely fixed as I am!”

“ Pish!” cried I, with a surliness that made him instantly relapse into his former consternation; “ that has nothing to do with the affair in hand, d—n me!”

“ Why, certainly not—certainly not:” cried he; “ I did not mean it as such. I have too much honour—that is to say, I have too much equity—*id est*, I have too much steadiness—I would be understood—stability—to be guilty of prevarication. D’ye think those unmannerly dogs heard what we were talking about? I would not, for the world——”

“Come, come, sir, cried I, stopping him short; “to the point—to the point!”

“A very just observation:” cried he, looking as if he had been already at the foot of the gallows; “nothing could be more true: nothing could be more true. [Here I looked very savagely at him.] But, as you heretofore observed, that has nothing to do with the business in hand. I am all obedience, sir; willing to strike in with any thing that you may deem proper to propose. What would you have me do, sir?”

I answered, with a little more pertness than was, perhaps, necessary, that seeing he had no gust for the order of knighthood I had proffered him, he had nothing to do but to allow the injured lady an annuity of one hundred pounds, for life; with which, I made no question, she would be well satisfied.

“A hundred a year?” cried he, staring

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at me with the utmost wonder ; “ Gad-a-mercy, sir ! do you think I’m made of money ? I protest, I do not bring in much more than that with my profession ! Business is extremely flat, I assure you : indeed, if it wasn’t for a few thousands which I have sunk in the funds, I do not know how I should be able to make the two ends meet.”

“ Pray, sir, do not plead poverty !” cried I ; “ If you can keep six clerks and two skipjacks in employ, there are no signs of straitness either in your profession or private fortune : besides, sir, did you not assure me, a few hours ago, in the presence of your wife and daughter, that you had such a run of business, that you had not a single moment to call your own ?”

“ That is very true ;” cried he, stammering ; “ I—I—I—I did say so ; but—”

“ But, sir, but !” interrupted I ; “ I will have no buts. If you cannot make

up your mind without quibbling, I will convince you, that I never promise without performing, before the day is two hours older."

"It is very hard upon me," cried he ; "exceedingly hard ! but there is no remedy. Well, sir, I pledge my honour, that I will make her the stipulated allowance."

"I thank you, sir, for that : " cried I ; but I would much rather have your bond. Honour is too instable a foundation to build upon now-a-days."

"Assure yourself, sir," cried he, *honourably* enough ; "assure yourself, that my word is altogether as good as my bond."

"That may be, sir : " cried I ; "but a bond will serve the turn best ; so you will be so obliging as to prepare one."

"Dear me, you cut very close, Mr. Ranger!" cried he; "however, I am like to submit. What kind of a bond will you have, pray?"

"One that may be clearly understood," cried I. "It shall be so ordered in it, that the annuity, if you happen to die before her, may be paid from your estate."

After he had taken two or three journeys across the room, (in the course of which, he bit his lips and finger-nails more than enough) he gave his concurrence, though not without grumbling; by the bye; and as soon as I had given him to understand, that I should expect to find the writing and two creditable witnesses, in perfect readiness, two hours thence, I wished him a good morning; wondering, in my own mind, how Jenny, who had really a good share of sound sense, could take it into her head that he had an insinuating address; much more, how she could suffer herself to be deluded.

by, and afterwards fall in love with him. At the very best, he was but a flimsy coxcomb, full of cant, and the meanest dissimulation ; and I am persuaded, even to confidence, that it would have been just as impossible for him to breathe the true language of love, as it is for a magpie to bray like an ass, or a weasel to imitate the roaring of a lion. But, to speak a bold truth, if a man have a good intrepid front, a smooth tongue in his head, and a rich bank of frippery, there are very few women who will not think him a very pretty fellow,—I mean, begging those galliards who possess such notable qualifications, pardon, a gentleman of *bewitching address* ; and let me add, there are as few who would not make choice of such a one for a spouse, before the man who, together with a deal of diffidence, enjoys the strongest sense, and the strongest honesty.



## CHAP. III.

*Which begins with some interrening matter, proceeds to the sequel of what was written in the last, and concludes with an Adventure which none but those atchieted by the renowned Knight of La Mancha can possibly equal.*

At the corner of the street, I encountered a very smart-dressed young lady, in the person of Miss Fribbler, who was ambling the way to her father's office. We both turned the angle so suddenly, that our noses had like to have paid their devoirs to each other. I was going to give her the road; but she, recollecting me, made a full stand; on which account, I remained where I was: and we stood staring at one another, not very wisely. Her face presently turned as fiery as the garment she had on, which was a scarlet *pelisse*; and I must confess, I myself felt somewhat warmer than common in that

part. She wished to say *something*, and I wished to say *nothing*: so, betwixt us, we made a pretty gallimaufry on't.

In this doltish manner, hemming and coughing, did we go on for near three minutes, when the lady dropped me a disorderly curtsy; in lieu of which, I gave her a sheepish bow; and having made way for each other, we parted—very good friends, God wot.

I should not have mentioned such a trifling matter as this, if it had not been for the unaccountable stupidity of it. To the best of my memory, I never acted so silly and incongruous a part in my life. For, even if the lady had not been abashed, it doubtless was my place, according to the custom of good manners, to speak first: but to stand gazing and blushing, without once opening my lips, either to ask her how she did, or to make her the ready salutation of—"A fine day, ma'am!" I say, it was the most duncely oversight that

ever I committed in my life ; and I have often reflected upon it since with a great deal of confusion.

At my return to the inn, I found a terrible hubbub in the hall. The landlord and landlady, waiters, ostlers, cooks, chambermaids, scullions, and, in short, the total population of the house, were got together in a compact crowd, and had fairly choked up the passage. In the midst of them stood a poor chaise-driver, with whom the landlord was knee-deep in a thick dispute.

The former was crying out, at the time I came in, " Lookee, master ! you may lay what you like to my charge ; but while I have a clean conscience, I don't care a farthing for 'ither one thing or another. It isn't all gold that glitters, as the saying is ; and a parson in a broad-cloth coat can sometimes do as dirty a trick as one in a fustian-jacket."

"Sblid, man," cried my host, in a great passion ; " don't think o' flamming me with sich a patched-up tale ! It isn't likely that a gentleman with a powdered head would behave in sich a blackguard way."

"If his head was powdered with the dust of diamonds," cried the fellow ; " he has bilked me, as sure as a gun ! I didn't like his looks at all, when he was tripping into th' chaise. I thought he was a devilish queer joker : and a devilish queer joker he has shewed himself to be, sure enough. Howsomedever, he shouldn't play many more such rigmaroodledum tricks, an' I had him here. I'd 'ither make him haul out his brass, or baste him within an inch of his life."

"Pugh, my a— in a bandbox !" cried the landlord ; " that wont make my loss up. Thou'rt a lying rogue, Dick ! and for two pins, thou shouldn't drive another chaise o' mine, the longest day theo had to live."

"Pox on him, for a double-faced thief!" cried my landlady; "It's a scandal to have such a fellow i' one's house. I dares be bound, he has spent the money i' gin. He's as drunk as a fiddler now."

"Well, hold your clapper, mistress!" cried the landlord; "What right have you to dirty your fingers wi' my consarns?"

"Right?" echoed she; "Marry come up, as much right as yourself!"

"But, I'll be cursed," cried the chaise-man, in a spirited tone; "if 'ither of you shall have any right or title over me! I can carry a jest as well as an mortal soul ought to do; but I wont be put upon, shave me with a rusty carving-knife, if I will! There is many an honest heart, lookee, under a heap of rags: and if you can have the conscience to turn me away for the sake of a nasty pitiful suspicion, you may turn me away, and be—but I wont swear about it. There is plen-

ty of places to be got, lookee ; so I don't care the crack of a louse, if I go to night."

"No, 'sblid," cried my host ; "I suppose thou doesn't: but I'll make thee hand out the money first, thou filching tike thou ! for I know thou's cribbed it."

"You know a great fib then:" cried the man, smartly ; "I know no more on't than an oyster or a shrimp at the bottom of the sea does: and if that wont sadisfy you, the devil may, for me !"

"Whuff, it's all my eye and Betty Martin!" cried the inn-keeper ; "Thou shan't think o' coming off scot-free i' this business, neither. Thy pockets shall be well sarched and examint, before thou stirs a peg from these primises: I will have 'em turned inside out, master Richard,—I will do so."

"I've a notion you wont do so, thof:" retorted the man, with the utmost compo-

sure both of voice and aspect. "No, no; you are reckoning a bit too fast now, master. An' I must be sarched, I will be sarched before his worship, Justice Mash-law: that will be all well and good; but if 'ither a he or a she offers to lay a sarching finger on me here, I'll ram the stock of my whip down their throat."

Here the landlord, getting a glimpse of me, cried out, "Sblid! here's a gentleman that will set all to rights in half a tictac! D'ye know, Master What's-your-name, (addressing himself to me) that this here dog of a fellow has brass enough in his face, to tell me, that that there black gentleman that you asked me about an hour or two back, has humbugged him out of chaise-fare: but, for my own part——"

"I'll tell you how it was, sir," cried the man, interrupting him; "an' you will be so good as to hearken. You see, this powdered scrub goes off to Towcester in

a chaise and four ; and I happens to be th' driver on't. Thinks I to myself, upo' th' road, this fellerd has something in his face that doesn't please me over well. He looks plaguily like a rum-padder.\* But howsomever, I didn't behave uncivildly to him ; and I drove at a good rate, as he had ordered me. Well, sir, you see—I got to the lion in Towcester in no time ; and I opens the chaise-door, to let my gentleman out,—but, i' faith, there was no gentleman there ! This made me scratch my head, and give a devilish long whistle ! Billy Morgan, the ostler, stared just as much as me ; and we sarched every ale-house i' th' town, both round and square, and played hie-go-mad ; but the deuce of any thing could we see o' the scoundralt. This is both head and tail of the business ; and an' I must be turned off for't, it's all right and tight. My conscience is as sweet as a China-orange : for, 'fore God and you, sir, I know no

\* A cant word for highwayman.



more of the chaise-fare than the child unborn."

"Truly, sir," said I to the landlord; "your accusation against the poor fellow is highly unwarrantable. I dare stake my life on his innocence: That person, though he has the appearance of a gentleman, is as great a rogue as any in the kingdom; take my word for it."

"Sblid, sir," cried the landlord, in reply; "I would take your word for it with all my heart, if I know'd, for sartain, he was a rogue."

"Well then, sir," cried he; "to convince you, in a few words, that he is a rascal,—he borrowed a couple of guineas of me at two different times, though I was a perfect stranger to him, and is gone off without paying me. This was the very reason that I asked you so particularly about him."

The upright victualler now laid apart his suspicions entirely, and giving the chaise-driver a hearty shake by the hand, cried out, "Sblid, Dick, thou'rt the most honestest lad in all Northampton! I wouldn't part wi' thee for a good deal,—no, faith would'nt I: for thou'rt worth thy weight in gold, any time o' day."

He then made a long, and wholly unintelligible, oration, about roguery; swearing, at the end of it, that he would take care, for time to come, to look at a man more than once, before he sentenced him a gentleman; even if he had a head as white with powder as the hide of a Greenland-bear, and a pig-tail reaching down to his r—p.

My landlady and the rest, after they had be-knaved, be-rascal'd, be-rogued, be-villain'd, and be-swindler'd my spark in as liberal and handsome a manner as the case demanded, went about their respective business. The chaise-man and

his master sneaked into the bar, in all human likelihood, to drink friends: and I carried myself into the travellers'-room, with a very good appetite for my dinner. But I was forced to hold an hour's parley with my patience, before the cook was ready for me. However, I did not lose much by waiting; for, when it did come, I dissected, with far less ado than a surgeon makes in anatomizing a man's finger, a large mackarel, and the leg and wing of a goose. I made room too for a glass of negus; and when I had done all this work, *gratis*, the time that I had allowed Mr. Fribbler to turn himself in, was fully expired; so I posted away to his office; and had the satisfaction to find every thing in order, except the witnesses, who were not yet arrived; but he said he had dispatched one of his clerks to two gentlemen of his acquaintance, whom he expected every moment.

I looked the bond nicely over several times; and, to the best of my judgment, it was very perfect.

In little more than a quarter of an hour, one of the witnesses made his appearance, and the other was not long after him. They were both genteel-looking men; and seemed to be on a mighty friendly footing with the attorney.

“Upon my faith, gentlemen,” said he to them, with his usual oiliness; “you honour me vastly. I hope I have not taken you from your dinners: but the business I want you upon, is rather of an urgent nature. This gentleman comes from Penzance in Cornwall. He informs me, that I have a female relative there, who is struggling under a load of prodigious difficulties. She is the daughter of one major Philips: you must have heard of such a person, gentlemen? He was killed at the seige of—of—what-d’ye-call-it, in America. A very fine officer!—But to return to the lady—She, as I have heretofore noted, is in excessive distress; and I feel myself greatly disposed to make her an annual allowance: but, as mankind

are for the most part given to caprice, I am resolved to tie myself. I have drawn up a kind of bond for the purpose; and all that I want you to do, is to witness it. I should not have sent for you in such a prodigious hurry, but the gentleman tells me he is obliged to leave town immediately." Thus did this rogue of all rogues run on.

The writing being read, the two gentlemen signed their names without asking a single question; and after they had heaped a quantity of highflown praises upon the little lawyer, on account of his *beneficence*, they took their leaves.

They were no sooner out of hearing, than he came, bolt-upright, to me, and laying hold of my hand, which he heartily squeeze, (though, by the bye, I have a strong suspicion that he would not have boggled at cutting my throat at the same time, if he could have done it slyly) cried out, with *graceful* eagerness, "Gad, sir,

we have got through this business surprisingly! Stratagem is absolutely necessary, if you have a mind to bring matters to an issue underhand. I do not doubt, Mr. Ranger, but that you are a gentleman of supreme honour: and now that we have punctually answered your demands, we fervently conjure you to keep——”

“ Hold, for one moment, sir!” interrupted I; “ Before I can promise you a single thing, you must tell me down fifty pounds.”

“ Fifty pounds!” cried he, starting back; “ Will you ruin me, sir? Will you crush me with the weight of unjustifiable oppression, of tyranny, of persecution, sir?”

“ Have a little patience, sir;” cried I, tauntingly; “ and do not storm so; or your professional servants will be paying their respects to us again. I am in a hurry to get back to Penzance; therefore

will thank you, sir, to look out the money for me."

"By what authority, sir," cried he, standing on tiptoe; "by what authority do you make this second demand upon me?"

"By the very same, sir," replied I; "that I made the first."

"But you deceive yourself," cried he; "if you think I shall comply with it. Curse me, if I grant any more than I have already granted!"

All that I could do now, was to return to my old vapouring plan.

"The devil you wont, sir!" cried I; "but I will have every farthing of the sum I have named, *nolens volens*."

"Have a care what you say, sir:" cried he; "those words are indictable: they

imply a threat of robbery ; let me tell you that, sir ! You speak to one, sir, that has explored the inmost recesses of the law. Zounds, sir, if I was to stir in the business, it would go harder with you than you are aware of."

" Since you stand upon points, sir !" cried I ; " I will e'en open my budget first ; and we shall soon see whether your boasted profundity will save you from the gallows."

With these words, I walked briskly towards the door ; but the little gentleman's heart misgiving him, he flew after me, as before ; and tugging very manfully at my coat, begged and prayed that I would come back, and he would let me have the money without making any more words.

I pretended to be in a great pet, and pulled stoutly against him, for some time ; but when I saw that I had frightened him



out of three-fourths of his wits, I suffered him to lead me to a chair ; upon which I had no sooner placed myself, than he ran to his cash-drawer, and was as expeditious in counting out the fifty pounds as I could desire.

While I was pocketing it, his tongue was warmly employed in entreating me not to do him any further harm. I promised him, I would not ; and wishing him a good afternoon, departed.

For fear the reader should dispute my honour so far as to suppose, that I am not a rigid observer of my word, it will be proper to acquaint him, that a *little accident* which befel the attorney in a year or two after, and which I may possibly treat of, at large, in the course of my history, did fairly cancel the promise I made him, and gave me full freedom to blow upon his villainy in what manner I liked best.

Quite overjoyed at my success, I re-

paired to Jenny with a quick foot ; and was happy to find her in the same cheer I had left her.

That I might not throw her spirits into too violent a transport, I broke the matter by degrees.

In a few minutes after I had read the bond, I put the fifty pounds into her hand ; and having begged her pardon for meddling in the business without her leave, I assured her, that nothing should be wanting on my part, to reinstate her in her former happiness.

She bore the news with extraordinary calmness ; but was so very profuse with her acknowledgments, that I hardly knew which way to look. I did all I could to stop her, but 'twas to no purpose. Speak she would,—and speak she did, most truly, till she was out of breath ; and then, by the way, I felt something like myself again.

When I began to talk about her future establishment, she burst into a flood of tears, and said, that she should never know what true happiness was, until she was reconciled with her parents ; but that she was almost certain they would never agree to receive her as a child again. I bade her not to fret herself on that score ; for that if she would allow me, I would undertake the task myself ; adding, by way of cordial, that I did not doubt but that I could settle every thing with them to her heart's content.

Her eyes got the start of her tongue, and told me how joyfully she accepted my offer. Whereupon, I went immediately to my inn, and ordered a post-chaise to be got ready ; for which, to prevent all kinds of doubts and suspicions from arising in the mind of the honest landlord during my absence, I paid *before-hand*, and my bill at the same time ; and having told the driver what place to come to, I made all haste back to her.

If I were to pass over in silence the poor girl's gratitude to the free-hearted waggoner, it would be unpardonable. She had such an ample sense of the obligations she was under to him, that she asked me, if I would allow her to leave ten pounds for him in the hands of the people who rented the shop above. I told her, that I should be highly offended, if she asked me another such question ; that the money was her own ; and that she had an undoubted right to do what she pleased with it ; and, lastly, that I was rejoiced to hear that her sentiments were so conformable to the old proverb of *One good turn deserves another.*

She seemed not a little pleased with my concurrence ; and said, that she had a mind to write a few lines to him, lest there should be some mistake. But the plague on't was, there was neither pen, ink, nor paper.

To remedy this evil, I called in a lad,

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who was passing by the door at the time, and sent him, with a promise of reward, to a grocer's shop, to purchase those articles for her. But he either could not find his way back, or, knowing on which side his bread was buttered, would not. However it was, we did not see his face again ; so I was obliged to run out, and buy them myself.

She penned, off hand, a very pretty letter to her humble, though worthy benefactor ; in which having enclosed the bills, I carried it to the shop-keeper over our heads ; and gave him a strict charge to deliver it to the man, as soon as he came.

Immediately after this, we were surprised, in the middle of a very interesting subject, by the arrival of the chaise ; the driver whereof looking about, as if in quest of me, I told Jenny to follow me, and bolted sharply out to him. He asked me, touching his hat very civilly, whether the lady that was going along with me,

was ready? I made answer, that she was; and directly presented Jenny to him.

The fellow, who, I believe, expected to see a fine jaunty Miss, stood agape! His hat flew off his head; the whip fell upon the ground; and after he had stared at her, with the most provoking firmness imaginable for several minutes, he growled in his throat, that coaches were not made to carry such rubbish. I clearly saw, that he had some notion of refusing to admit her into the chaise: so, without wasting time, I summoned an infallible mediator to her aid; plainly speaking, I tipped him a crown, which altered the *case* widely. His eyes now sparkled with all the brightness of fine ale: he grinned like an Abyssinian baboon: he touched his hat with incomparable grace: his bows, scrapes, and congees, when we were stepping into the coach, were equal, if not superior, to those of a dancing-master: and, in short, he was so full of *gentillesse*, that if I had not known that he was a mere English

chaise-driver, I might possibly have taken him for a finished Frenchman.

Jenny having directed him where to go to, he speedily mounted his box, and drove off at a good brisk rate.

By the way, she was proceeding to make inquiries into my circumstances, and the occasion of my journey to Northampton; but I waved the subject, and began to talk of something else.

When we came within sight of the well-known village, her nerves were thrown into such a violent commotion, that I had enough to do to keep her from fainting.

The driver, agreeably to the orders we had given him, stopped by the church: and as soon as I had recovered the poor girl a little from her flurry, she pointed out her father's house to me; so I left her in the chaise, as we had previously determined, and went, with a very good will,

to achieve, if possible, what the benevolent waggoner had so heroically begun.

Isurprised her worthy family at their tea.

The concern and perplexity which all their countenances betrayed, at the bare mention of her name, convinced me, that it would be the easiest thing in the world, to re-establish her in their favour and affection. Upon this, I lost no time, but made a direct attack upon them; and exercised the little eloquence I was master of, to such good purpose, that I obtained a more complete victory than my forwardest hopes had promised me.

I must confess, I was angry at myself after, for having been so sudden with them; for the old man, when I said that she was at hand, wept and raved, like a madman, with joy; and the rest were almost ready to leap out of their skins. To calm the tempest, however, as soon as possible, I ran out into the lane, and



shouted the chaiseman to drive up ; which he did, expeditiously enough.

I opened the coach-door (for my impatience would not let me dally) before the horses had fairly stopped ; quickly pulled down the steps ; handed out my *enchanted princess*, who trembled with a thousand emotions ; and carried her, in a diadrom into the fond embrace of her forgiving father.

He kissed her, *maugre* her sores, with the greediest rapture ; called her his poor injured lamb ; and was loath to quit hold of her. The good old woman was not in the least behind-hand with him either in hugs, caresses, or any other testimonies of regard : and the two younger branches, her worthy brother and sister, to give them their due, bestowed upon her, in their turns, an ample share too. In short, they were all as happy as people could be : on a party rejoicing in the restoration of a long-lost child and sister ; the other, a

being replaced in the justly forfeited affections of her honest family.

When the wild transport of their minds had decayed into quiet joy, Jenny, whose gratitude knew no bounds, threw me into the strangest confusion imaginable, by her ill-timed, and I may say, extravagant praises: for I assure thee, reader, (though thou mayest probably think, that I affect my modesty, in this particular, as a vanity) that nothing in the world ever perplexed or unhinged me more, than the being praised to my face; especially when my conscience forewarned me, that I ought not to listen to any commendation whatsoever; for that what I had done did not deserve it.

An opportunity presenting itself, I took the old man aside, and whispered him to get chirurgical aid to his daughter without delay. He would gladly have taken his hat, and set forward to Northampton then; but I told him, it would be quite

time enough in the morning ; with which assurance he was thoroughly satisfied.

I staid with them till the blushing daughter of Terra and Titan had drawn her bed-curtains ; and then, having taken a friendly leave of them all, I tripp'd nimbly into the chaise, and drove back to the inn, with a heart perfectly at ease.

## CHAP. IV.

*Fully demonstrating, that no humour is like that which falls out in a coach.*

I was no sooner there, than I inquired of my host, when the London-coach would start. He answered me, in his wonted verbose way, that it would go off precisely at four of the clock next morning; for which reason I went to bed early, and enjoyed a sound undisturbed sleep, till that hour arrived.

The persons whom I had for my fellow-travellers, were of the choicest quality, and blessed with the most extraordinary endowments. This, undoubtedly, is a bold assertion; but when the reader becomes acquainted with them, I have the confidence to think, he will strenuously support me in it.

Without further preface, they were—  
a tall, lank physician, whose very aspect

declared him to be a Fellow of the Royal Society, &c. &c.; and his daughter, a smart, strapping Miss of fifteen, or thereabout: a comprehensive, parlous, subtle, disputative, and ingenious cobbler, who had once had the honour of making boots and shoes for the Royal Family; and his wife, a lady who had charms of person and elegance of manners, sufficient to recommend her to the seraglio of an Eastern monarch. And, last of all, a shrewd, intelligent, unstinted, loquacious, and deep-read tailor; who piqued himself upon the gentility of his professional connexions; and who handled learned and systematical subjects, with surprising readiness and ease.

They were all inhabitants of the Metropolis; and from their discourse, I learnt what had brought them into the country.

The medical gentleman had been for his daughter, of whom he seemed to be dotingly fond, to the boarding-school, and was now carrying her home. The busi-

ness of the cobbler and his wife, had been chiefly to receive a bequest of ninety-seven pounds, at Manchester. As for the taylor, he, according to custom, had been to pick up orders, and pay his reverence to those whom he had demands upon ; and was now making all speed back, seemingly very well satisfied with his journey.

The guard having wound his horn thrice, I entered the coach, with a strong notion that I should remember Northampton to the latest hour of my life: and as soon as I had taken my seat, and the rest of the passengers theirs, the coachman gave his horses the word, which they speedily obeyed; and the wheels began to rattle, in rapid motion, over the pavement.

The morning was very fine and starlight, the air agreeably sharp, myself in a good humour, and the coach not overcharged ; so that, on the whole, I promised myself a pleasant day on't.

Scarcely had we got out of the smoke of the town, when the taylor, with a dignity of expression which made all of us open our eyes, entered upon a critical treatise on the heavens ; but whether it was concordant with the Pythagorean, Ptolemaic, Newtonian, or, in short, any other hypothetical system, I was not then, and I must frankly confess, am not now, astronomer enough to determine.

To do his modesty justice, he did not thrust his nose into the subject without some kind of incentive ; but, on the reverse, had (as all honest people who are fond of *making a noise* with their tongues, will needs allow) a very fair cause for displaying his rhetorical powers.

The fact was, the wife of the sagacious cobbler, struck with the universal glow of the firmament, happened to vent a word or two in gratitude to divine nature. He caught eagerly hold of the opportunity ; and after giving a lusty hem-a-hem, in

order to brush away all husky particles from his voice, began, in the following sublime manner:

“Astrolomy, phisologically considered, is but a burning conflagration of the utmost-peer; whereof the ’stensive *red-John* of eternity is a part. The proper *orbid* of each *plan-wit*, is a kind of *circumbendibus*, which, turning short upon itself, forms a sort of oblong circle. Round this here thingumbob the fixed stars purform their *revuldutions*; and our *spear* being *quiescible* in the *centur*, the sun, which we astrolomers call *sul*, travels round it, as it wur, in *rottillation*: and when it cuts the ’*cliptic* thereof, and enters the *Zodick*, and *Canker*, and *Caper-cord*, it is called a *sulstice*, whereof the primadary and secondery *plan-wits* afore-said, particklery belong; and on this rests the total *amblitude* of the cloudous *hemospear*. The *sooty-lights* of *Jew-Peter*, according to the notion of some maddimadical gentlemen, err four in



numper; but my 'pinion is, (here he cocked his hat, and looked exceedingly wise) that they be no liss than forty-seven. If the prisent opportunity would purmit, I could bring forwart many singlar and indisputtable proofs hereon; which would confut all the irrors of former astrolomers, and gain me a vast of repudation in the annuls of hist'ry. But I dizpoise all subterfuginous ways whereby to raise myself to the high and perpumtickler pinankle of renownd."

He stopped in this place to recollect himself, as well as to see what kind of an effect thus much of his wonderful doctrine had had upon the minds of his auditors.

The lady who had been the principal—I should have said, the sole, instrument of his speaking, gave him, whether he would or no, a waggon-load of applause, free from every species of tax, toll, or tribute. Her skilful spouse, the cobbler, appeared sufficiently dissatisfied; and

thought fit to bestow, in the stead of compliment, an envious umph ! Miss tittered, and looked as if she did not understand one word of what he had been talking about. I must acknowledge, to the eternal disgrace of my judgment, I stood exactly in the same shoes. But the doctor, though he was not to be outdone in sublimity of style, vouchsafed a smile, and very readily nodded his approbation.

The taylor, at all events, was as much encouraged as could reasonably be expected ; and making a flourish with his hand, pursued his discourse thus :

“ There is not, within the bounderlies of man’s comprehensin, a more finer, or more larned stidy, than that of invesdigading the concordable abjects of the etherical heavens; and finding out the purtickler sitiatiön of ivery *meet-her*, and *plan-wit*. As to *cumits* and other *phæ-lominants*, they err nothing but exhalous

bodies of *electrum-matter* ; which going too near the *fragrant focuz* of the sun, the *nitross* and *sulphurrious combustilation* thereof catches fire ; and *Three-hole-us*, as the poits call him, blowing, with all his vendence, from the South-wurn extrimities, at the same time, drives them touwards the *North-poul* ; and so they blaze, till they go out ; as a proof whereof, we have only to obsirve the *virticul* motion of the irth, which turns on its *axle-tree* more oftener than some astrolomers err aware of. With regart to the stars being inhabited with living mortils, I shall say nothing, but purceed to shew the *latitudinous* course of the *Plough*, or the *Greet Bear*, but which is more larnedly called *Hoarse-Sal Major*."

The invidious cobler, fretted to the heart to hear such apposite terms, and so much good sense, drop, at one and the same time, from the lips of an animal who was only the ninth part of a man, impudently stopped him, with a long and boisterous whistle.

The philosopher preserved his temper, but thought proper to inquire the reason of his interrupting him.

“Why, master,” retorted the patcher of soles; “I have a bit of an itch to know who and what all these fine folks be, that you are making such a plaguy jaw about! especially that wench who you call *Hoarse-Sal Major*. I suppose she’s a fish-monger! but, belike, there is no fish in the upper stories. Well, if there be no fish, then she must be a drunken, fornicating jade, and has lost her voice with whoring! or, may be, a drum-major, or something of that sort, hey?”

The taylor did not think it worth his while to reply; but, turning to the physician, muttered, with an air of superiority, “How people compound themselves, sir, when they don’t know the ticktennical terms!”

“Wisely demonstrated, friend!” cried

the doctor, stroking his beard; "The virulence and ærugo of some sublunary beings' apprehensions, are too corrosive for the most specific emollient to blunt or relax."

"I honour your parts, sir!" cried the taylor, resolved not to be behind-hand with him in civilities; "You speak like a scholar, and a man of purfound penethrashin and sintimint. As to certun people, it is all folly and foolishness to waste one's valiabul breath with them."

"D'ye mean me, sir?" cried the cobbler, looking fiercely at him.

"If the cap fits you," answered the taylor, with a great deal more courage than the world is willing to allow gentlemen of that profession; "If the cap fits you, you may wear it."

"By G—, sir," roared the cobbler, who, I could see, wanted nothing so much as a

pretence to quarrel ; “ and so I will wear it, and sleep in it, and do what I like in it !—D—n me, sir ! who are you, sir ? ”

“ A gentlemin, sir,” cried the taylor, in reply ; “ by burth and edicashin. Mindee, sir, I keep siventeen journeymen in constant employ ; that’s more than you can say, sir ! ”

“ You lie, sir ! ” cried the cobbler ; “ I can say more, by a baker’s dozen. I keep myself in employ ; and I’m a man, sir. But, if you like to kick up a clatter about respectability, and so forth, mayhap I can make as big a swell as yourself. I am well bred and born, sir, thof I carry a leather brat before me : and I was, one time o’ day, pattenized by the Ryho Family ! What d’ye think of that sir ? ”

Taking it for granted that he had given the taylor a choke-pear, he began to shake his gills, and stretch himself upon the seat. But that sage gentleman did no-

thing but laugh in his sleeve ; and, after throwing an oblique glance of disdain at him, put his mouth, very familiarly, to the ear of the physician, and whispered something in it, which, in defiance of his gravity, found its way the risible muscles of his face. This irritated the squabbling son of St. Crispin to a terrible degree.

“ Speak out, you muttering black-guard !” cried he, displaying every feather in his crest ; “ Speak out, I say ! and if I don’t answer you, call me a taylor !”

The Philomath, though he appeared somewhat nettled with this sarcasm, replied no otherwise than by giving him a contemptuous look ; in which was written, in fair legible characters, “ You are a poor, dirty scoundrel, and are beneath my notice.”

Whether the cobbler interpreted it thus, I cannot, with any pretence to positiveness, assert ; but that he read it in an ill

sense, I may venture to say, without scruple: for, before the man of the needle had time to look about him, he laid at him with his tongue, in no very gentle manner.

“ That, for your looks !” cried he, mapping his fingers ; “ D—n me, sir, d’ye think I was born yesterday, that I am to be scared with such babyish pantomime as that ? My name’s Roger Bowlas ! and I don’t care for the best man that ever stepped a shoe of leather: no,—not the whine of a peevish f—t, sir !—I have refused, before now, to make a pair of boots for many a better fellow than you, both in parson and pocket. What d’ye think of that, for a change ?”

“ Lard, Roger !” cried his refined lady, interrupting him ; “ thou might be possessed with the very devil ! I niver know’d a man of sudch a quallelsome timper, since I was created.”



Mr. Bowlas answered this open rebu with sixty or seventy smart oaths of own coining; and had not the doctor terposed with the main bulk of his grav I much suspect whether he would not lent her his fist.

“If these copious evacuations of y splenetic humour, are agreeable to yo self,” cried the physician, with a look t was full of the *Materia Medica*; “tl emit an effluvia which is perfectly astr gent to others; and which is exquisit calculated to cause a nausea in person the most vigorous habits.”

“What kind of a lingo d’ye call tha cried the cobbler, snorting; “I guess; bought it at the same market that twattling friend, Master Muggleton Highflier, here, did his,—hey?”

“You are an impirtinint fellow!” cr the taylor, growing a little exasperat  
“And if I had you in Hyde-Park-corr

I'd shew you what it was to mis-use a gentleman."

"You are a scrub, sir!" retorted Mr. Bowlas, quicker than the report of a gun succeeds the flash; "Ay, sir, and a tallow-faced, lily-livered rattlescull into the bargain. A pretty youth, o' my troth, to root into tip-top consarns! From curs and dandy-cocks, good lord deliver us! That's my prayer;—I say, that's my prayer, d—n me!"

"Do you call my talons in questin?" cried the taylor, waxing pale; for this last taunt of the cobbler's had pricked him in a tender part: "If I thought you did, I'd soon shew you a few demunstrashins to the contrary. Did you ever read *Virgin*, and *Cixerhole*, and *Tully*, and *Jivinul*, and *Pursyass*, and *Whoreass*, and *Lookum*, and *Squintiliman*, and *Cloudy-hand*, and *Homar's Illheads and Oddities*, and *What-d'ye-call-um*, and all the rist of the *ancium glass-sticks*?"

This catalogue of great men put the cobbler to a complete stand. The sapient physician was so well assured of the taylor's erudition, that he shook him by the hand ; declared, that he was qualified for the post of p—e m——r ; and concluded with saying, that he hoped to be better acquainted with him. Mrs. Bowlas, if it had not been for the late *fracas* with her husband, would, without question, have contributed her share of encomiums too ; but, as it was, she was obliged to be content with giving her applause in dumb-shew.

The young lady and I, grinned very unwisely at one another ; so unwisely, indeed, that the alert astronomer looked me full in the face, and asked me, with more insolence than was requisite, if I understood the dead languages ?

Mr. Roger Bowlas, who, by this time, had recovered from his surprise, took the liberty to answer for me, with—" No, by

G—, Sir Cabbage! nor any other language that comes out of your port-hole. If he does, I'll venture to write Solomond upon his forehead."

"This is alwiss the caase," cried the taylor, addressing himself, with a wise leer, to the doctor; "if one happens to discoafer one's larning before the lower ordir of pirsons: for, as my friend Whoreas says, in his ninety-ninth sathur, *Proper queer manibus tribe-hunter masky-leg Dick-has.* And, as my other friend Juvinul says, in his fifty thard,

*As I present him perfectud fer-Mat in half-eye."*

Hardly had this last quotation skipped off the tip of his tongue, when the facetious cobbler, who, with all his knowledge, was not a proficient in the Roman classics, bawled out, with choleric fury, "Ay, do! do, sir!—do present your a—to me! and I'll kick it!—kick it, sir, till it shews as many colours as the rainbow! I defy you to't!—D—n me, sir, I'd gripe you by the

throat, till you was black in the face !  
I'd make you cry out—murder, sir,—  
wax my eyelashes !”

The physician, having heavily charged his voice and countenance with solemnity, essayed, to the utmost of his power, to convince him of his error ; but it would, perhaps, have been as well for him, if he had held his peace : for Bowlas, provoked at being retarded in the discharge of his resentment, turned tail upon the offender, and directed his whole fire at the mediator. 'Tis true, the doctor withstood it, terrible as it was, with firm intrepidity ; and, to his honour be it spoken, had so strongly garrisoned his patience, that it was totally inflexible.

When the enraged cobbler had shot away all the ammunition of his rancour, he descanted, in a very calm, though flowery style, on the inconsistency of his conduct ; and finished with telling him, that if he went on after so preposterous and obstre-

perous a manner, (those were his terms) he would certainly give all sensible people; who might otherwise have taken him for a man of good understanding, cause to suspect, that he was *non compos mentis*.

As fire rages with greater violence by throwing oil upon it; so did the softness of the physician's remonstrance blow up the almost consumed wrath of Mr. Bowlus.

"D—n your cant, sir!" cried he, boisterously; "I would as soon have your sting as that. Harkee, sir! betwixt friends, I don't think you have run away with all the sense of the world! no, i'faith! Put that wig of yours into your pocket, and never trust me, if nine-tenths of your brains wont follow it!"

The doctor took this home affront, as he had done the other, in very good part; but, for his own satisfaction, demanded of him, on what grounds he built his sentiments?

“Why, there now!” cried the cobbler; “that’s a devil of a question! You might as well ask, why’s a goose a goose, or a jackass a jackass? But, since you like fending and proving, I’ll lay you a quart you don’t tell me one thing that I can ask you; and it shall be in your own line too.”

“The physician smelt, gravely, to the head of his cane, and desired him to name it.

“Ay, ay; I’ll name it, never fear!” cried Mr. Bowlas, lolling out his tongue; “You’re a dead man, by G—, sir! I shall nail you, as sure as you’ve a head upon your shoulders. Now for it!—here it comes! Pray, tell me, Muster Wiseacre, an’t please you, what’s the reason that a greyhound’s tail is longer than another dog’s, and why it twirls so at the end?”

Despicable as the question may appear

to my sage and well-informed readers, it nonplus'd the physical gentleman to a shocking degree. He gnawed his nether lip; rubbed his hands; beat the *devil's tattoo*, as 'tis called by the vulgar; and, in one word, looked altogether unlike a doctor. His philosophical friend, the tailor, however, cheered him up with a very compact and masterly speech; and so, after he had hum'd and ha'd, and stroked his beard, for the space of a minute, he rendered the following ingenious definition:

“The constitution of a greyhound,” said he; “differs, in a diversity of instances, from that of another dog. *Imprimis*, the *spinati* are much more elastic in an animal of this species; and the *vertebræ* are of a peculiar *enormity*. The *thorax* is much more *circumferous*; the *duodenum* extremely *cartilaginous*; the *pancreas* rancid and flaky; and the *midriff*, or *diaphragm*, immensely *tenuous* and *rubiginous*. The individual cause of



the tail's being long, and of a spiral, curved, and acute termination, is evidently this. The *ductus hiliaris* being excessively igneous, the *chyle* and *lymphæ* are thrown into *ductus chyliferus* with singular violence; and so, passing on to the *abdomen*, in which they are cleansed of their *vitiosity* and *tenaciousness*, flow rapidly into the marrow of *os sacrum*, at the extremity; which discharges them, after rendering them more subtile, by means of some active astringent qualities lodged therein, precisely for that purpose, into a small canal, channel, or vessel, situated at the third joint of the tail; from whence they rush, with extreme force, through an imperceptible duct, to the *acuminous tip*; and by reason of their sudden profluence thereto, the curl, or twirl is immediately formed."

The wily cobbler had no sooner heard him to an end, than he burst forth into an immoderate horse-laugh; and when he had almost split his sides, cried out,

"Well said, old duke of limbs! Pox take me, if you have not won my quart! I'll have no doings with you again,—no, by my soul wont I! You're a shrewd lad—a d—n'd shrewd lad! O' my faith, I'd just give two roughreds, to understand gibberish as well as you do! Ha! ha! ha!"

"You are an insullunt ragamuffin, sir!" ejaculated the tailor, taking up the cudgel for his new friend, the doctor; "You are an insullunt ragamuffin; and deserve to be tied to a cart's *posterrors*, and whipped through ivery street in Londin."

"D'ye hear that, neighbours?" cried Mr. Bowlas, flying back into his former rage; "He calls me a ragamuffin! I can bear a good joke, and I like a good joke; but, by G—, I can't swallow this joke! nor I won't swallow it, d—n me! Say as much again, sir, and I'll maul you, sir!—I'll worry you within an inch of your life!—I'll let your pitiful soul out! I'll skin you, sir, from ear to toe! I'll shew you your bowels, d—n me!"

The tailor's courage was not in the least damped with these blustering menaces; on the contrary, it seemed to have gathered strength from them.

"You are a ranting lunadick, sir!" cried he, heroically; "Bedlim would be disgrazed, if it had such a fellow widin its walls. You may bite at that, sir!"

"Bite?" echoed the cobbler, in a savage tone; "I'll bite your tongue off!—Ay, sir, every root and branch of it! I'll spring a mine in your mouth, d—n me! D'ye see these, sir? (spreading his fingers in the philosopher's face) Lookee, ye sneaking periwinkle! I'll twist your gristly nose off! I'll pull it, sir, till it is as taper at the end as the point of a knittingneedle; and, afterwards, shoot you through a quill, d—n me!"

"Your wife, sir," cried the tailor; "your wife is a lady; but you——"

“ My wife is a son of a whore, sir ! ”  
cried Mr. Bowlas, interrupting him ; “ And  
you are a devil incarnate.”

Mr. Alexander Tweedle, for that was  
the tailor's name, was preparing to make  
a fierce retaliation upon him ; but the  
physician's daughter, having heard as  
much as she well liked, begged that they  
would desist from all further altercation ;  
for that, as she had had little or no sleep  
in the night, she was now rather drowsy,  
and wished, if possible, to take a short  
repose.

Mr. Tweedle gallantly replied, that he  
was too much of a gentleman, and knew  
what good-breeding was better, than to  
thwart a lady. But Mr. Bowlas, who had  
every qualification but politeness, made  
a greater rattle than ever ; and strove, as  
far as in him lay, to stimulate his adver-  
sary to fresh hostilities, and consequently  
to give the open lie to what he had so  
handsomely professed. But he might

have spared his breath ; for the tailor was not to be stirred either with one thing or another : so, being heartily tired of hearing himself talk, he jumped, out of pure good chagrin, into the clutches of 'squire Morpheus, and vented his choler through his nostrils ; that is to say, in a heavy round of snoring.

CHAP. V.

*More brawling.—War declared.—A dreadful Accident, but no Bones broken.—A fierce and hard-fought Battle, unparalleled in the annals of History.*

AT a little after nine, we arrived at the Royal Oak, in Dunstable; where we staid upwards of three-quarters of an hour, to refresh ourselves with breakfast.

The physician, his daughter, Mrs. Bowlas, Mr. Tweedle, and myself, all sat down together to chocolate. Mr. Bowlas, for his part, took a chair in a lonely corner of the room; and answered the petitions of his stomach with a red-herring, and a large bowl of milk-punch.

His worthy competitor, the taylor, happening to let fall, in the course of conversation, that people should always be careful what they eat to their breakfast,

he sprang hastily off his seat, and would fain have been jarring with him again. But the astronomer, being too busy with the toast to wrangle with propriety, turned the deaf ear to his abuse, and pocketed every affront, both great and small, that he offered him; so we had presently a dead calm again. However, the time that it lasted was very inconsiderable: for, as soon as we had re-entered the coach, he fell upon him in furious earnest; and belaboured him with a chain of imprecations, that would have made many good people's hair stand an end: indeed, they were nowise inferior to those which I received at the hands of Mr. Joshua Cute; a wretch whose name I should have been unwilling to trouble the reader with again, if had not been for the sake of comparison.

The plain truth of the matter was, Mr. Tweedle, in placing himself upon the seat, clapped his hand, accidentally, or purposely, I cannot strictly tell which,

upon the thigh of Mrs. Bowlas ; which quickly caught the notice of her peevish yokefellow ; who assaulted the offender just in the manner aforesaid. Never, I believe, was poor taylor so clapperclawed, as Mr. Tweedle was. The cobbler swore, he lusted after his wife, and wished to debase his bed. The philosopher was quite thunderstruck at the charge ; but protested, in as solemn a way as any man could protest, that he entertained no vicious thoughts concerning any woman ; much less his wife. But 'twas to no purpose : Mr. Bowlas would have his own way, in spite of all his vows ; and he roared, cursed, and bawled, most intolerably."

"D—n ye, sir," cried he ; "didn't I catch your hand there ?—didn't ye draw it away, when you twigged my eye ?—didn't your face go as blue as a wimberry, hey ! you mooneyed groper ?"

"I'm sure, Roger," cried his wife,  
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affecting to weep ; “ I’m sure the gentleman mean’d no harm ! He did nothing that was undecent ! ”

“ He did nothing that was undecent ! ” cried he, mimicking her whine ; “ No, you salt jade, it wasn’t undecent to you, I suppose ! If he had shifted a peg further, it would have been all right ! But d—n me, if he makes a cuckold of me ! I’ll have no whorish sprouts upon my head ! No Babylon parsnips for my money !—A taylor too !—there’s the humour of the joke ! ”

“ None of your insinuations ! ” cried Mr. Tweedle, recovering every atom of the courage which the cobbler’s rude and unexpected attack had deprived him of ; “ Whatever you may think, sir, I’m a man of honour, and know what delicacies err.”

“ Marry, I believe you ! ” quoth Mr. Bowlas, with a significant frown, and you like handling *delicacies* too, I guess ! ”

Thus did they huff and incense one another, till the coach got within a few miles of Barnet; when the cobbler's gall worked itself to such a pitch, that he braved the taylor to combat. Mr. Tweedle, who was certainly the very soul of heroism, swore, he did not value him the eye of a rusty bodkin; and instantly accepted the challenge.

It was agreed betwixt them, that they should settle their differences, by dint of fist, at the first baiting place; viz. Barnet. But Mr. Bowlas, who, among his other failings, was sadly deficient in the article of patience, grew tired of waiting; and, contrary to all laws, human and divine, seized him, unawares, by the nose, as he was quietly discussing with the physician upon electricity; and was just upon the point of giving it a friendly wring, when the nine ladies of Parnassus, piqued that one of their favourites should be treated with such rudeness and indignity, hurled a heavy execration at the miscreant:

but, alas ! it fell short of him, and struck the axle-tree of the two hindermost wheels, which snapped sheer in twain ; and down fell the coach, with a tremendous crash !

The consternation we were all in, when we felt ourselves going, may easily be conceived. The two fair ones piped dimly : the cobbler bellowed : the physician groaned : Mr. Tweedle uttered a kind of counter-treble squawl : and I——in short, we all made noise enough, if that would have done us any good.

It was not a time for—"Pray, ma'am, do you step out first !" and—"Pray, sir, do you !" and such punctilious stuff ; but every one did the best for himself, without troubling his head about any body else.

My over-zeal for the preservation of my life, (for I must confess, I was not in a humour to be killed) procured me a deep

cut in the left arm, and a mannerly bruise upon my forehead. However, I was very thankful that I came off so well ; though, by the bye, I might have recovered *terra firma*, without getting any hurt at all, if I had not been quite so impatient.

The guard and outside passengers, (three in number) escaped with whole flesh and bones : and I was glad to see, that all my inside friends were safe and sound. As for the driver, he was very secure upon his box, lamenting the misfortune with a woful volly of oaths. But, to give him his due, if it had not been for his extraordinary dexterity, the major part of us would certainly have had all our limbs broken at least.

The doctor did me the kindness to tie up my wound with a handkerchief ; and, afterwards, gave me, without a fee, a long verbal remedy for it ; which, as I am sure, from his manner of delivering it, that it must have been an excellent one,

I should be happy to publish, for the immediate benefit of those ladies who are in the *habit* of pricking their fingers with sewing ; and those gentlemen who are so *unfortunate* as to cut themselves with carving, picking their teeth, &c. &c.: but the truth is, it has entirely slipped my memory ; so it must remain, as it certainly is, a perfect *arcanum*.

From the perilous plight in which we had all been, one would have thought, that Mr. Bowlas and the taylor would have dropped their animosities, and shook hands, but it was completely the reverse. The former of these heroes, having recruited his spirits with a dram from an *aqua vitæ* bottle, which his dearly beloved carried with her, because she was *often* plagued, as she told us, with the wind-colic, strutted furiously up to the latter ; and demanded of him, with a tuský grin, if he had a mind to get their grappling bout over ? Mr. Tweedle bravely answered, that 'twas all one to him ; and, in three words, bade him defiance.

Their resolution of fighting was no sooner proclaimed, than they had six or seven stimulators about them, who dealt out encouragement to them with liberal hands.

The young lady appeared highly delighted with the idea of a battle; and her grave father, the physician, did not seem at all averse to one. But the hapless Mrs. Bowlas was utterly inconsolable.

“Oh, my poor Roger!” cried she, wringing her hands, and pulling sad faces; “what will become o’ me, if he should happen to give thee an unfortinit blow? Oh, dear! I must sartainly go to the poor-house! Goodniss days! don’t let um fight, gentlement! My poor husban has had a bowelous complaind for these months and months; and I’m sure a knock in his belly will be the death of him. Oh, that I should iver live to see this day!”

These dolorous words, which were well perfumed with gin and *assa fetida*, flew, point blank, to the ears of her busy help-mate; who bawled out, from amidst the little crowd of hearteners-on, "Ho—ha, ye sniveling b—ch! what's all this jaw about? Have done with your whining, ye dag-tail'd dowdy! have done with your whining, I say! or I'll make you dance Corporal Casey! Tush! no onion-brine, ye crocodile w—e! no onion-brine, d—n me!"

The coachman having given the signal of battle with two deafening cracks of his whip, the eager combatants quickly drew out in face of one another, and as quickly closed; breathing death, and a thousand murders. Their vengeance surpassed, if possible, the fury of two warring bulls. The cobbler swore roundly; and the tailor, every now and then, rapt out too.

After they had remained in each other's courteous hug for the space of two mi-

minutes, they began to shift about, and shake one another by the throat. Bowlas was a much stronger man, and had more flesh upon his bones, than Tweedle ; but in point of activity, he was by no means a match for him. However, the odds were altogether in his favour.

They continued to wrestle, and worry each other, cordially enough, till they came to the edge of a deep and putrid sink. Here, their prowess began to shew itself to the best advantage. The cobbler, who, by the way, was not quite so sober as he ought to have been, exerted his utmost force to hand his adversary into the middle of it ; and he, to allow him full justice, stretched every point of his agility, to do the like shrewd turn for the cobbler. But the misfortune was, (after they had scuffled, with equal desperateness, for a good while) they fell straight in together ; and kicked, plunged, wallowed, and tumbled one another about so manfully, that I and the rest of the spectators, hav-



ing no desire to be blinded with mud, moved sharply away; and left them to fight it out by themselves.

Meantime, Victory stood over them with doubtful and perplexed looks; and appeared very much out of humour with both sides. At length, however, she emphatically declared for the taylor; and crowned him *in facie populi*: for the poor cobbler's mouth, ears, eyes, and nostrils, being well loaded with dirt, he was very glad to give it over.

But neither party, in my opinion, had any great reason to rejoice. If Mr. Rowland fared worse about the face, the rest of his carcass was every whit as clean as the conqueror's; and he was rather beaten by the mire, which hindered him at once from seeing and breathing, than by any happy hit of the taylor's. Indeed, it savoured more of a wrestling, than a bruising match: for I do not think six blows were struck during the whole contest; and those not

very hard one's either. They were both in a scandalous pickle, sure enough ; but to say which was the dirtiest, would be extremely difficult. .

If I had not been bridled by the solemn and profound aspect of the physician, it is five thousand to one, but I had enjoyed as earnest and downright a laugh as ever I set up in my life ; but that learned gentleman keeping his eyes, on what account I know not, constantly upon me, I had the discretion, or craft, (I am at a loss which of the two names to give it) to hold my countenance in as sober a form as his, though my heart was ready to chuckle with brimming jollity. To say the truth, there was something to laugh at, take the business from beginning to end : and if my merry reader have passed through the whole chapter without tittering, or feeling inclined to titter, the fault, unquestionably, lies with my pen ; and I give him free license to be-fool me in any way he may think proper, or to cast at me what invectives he pleases.

## CHAP. VI.

*Fraught with various matters.*

**T**HE two besmirched champions having betook themselves into a little cottage hard by, in order to be scoured into their natural complexions, I began to think about the fractured condition of the coach, and how we should all get to London. I might possibly have made myself a little uneasy on this score, if the driver had not acquainted us, that he had sent to a neighbouring village for a couple of blacksmiths; whose arrival he was in instant expectation of. Upon this, I demanded of him, what length of time it would take to repair it? He answered, that it was impossible to tell that exactly; but that he thought it would take two hours good. I further asked him, how far it was to Barnet, and what inn he put up at there: for I thought it would be much better to walk to that place, and wait till the coach

arrived, than to stand tarrying for it in the cold.

To the first question, he replied—  
“Somewhat more than three miles.” And to the second—“The red-lion.”

I would gladly have had the company of the doctor and his daughter; but they were not to be moved; choosing rather to be pinched by the air and their patience, than to put their legs to any inconvenience. So I was forced to do that which many fine ladies and well-bred gentlemen, are particularly averse to; in plain English, I was obliged to make a companion of reflection; and I do not know but that I reaped as much benefit and pleasure from his discourse, as I could possibly have done from the nervous philosophy of the physician; and that is saying a *great deal*.

I had not walked far, before I made a discovery that, in some of my moods, would have thrown me in a great fret;

but, as I was then, and had been all the day, full of spirits, insomuch that I do not think any thing could have put me out of temper, it operated quite in a different manner upon me.

Thou must know, reader, that when we took coach the second time, I mean at the place where we breakfasted, I got hemmed in, very much against my will, betwixt the doctor and Mr. Bowlas: and the latter of these personages squirting out a quantity of tobacco-spittle, at the end of every sentence he spoke, the lower part of my trowsers were pretty handsomely bespangled; and as for my shoes, he had been bountiful to them beyond conception.

I can assign no other reason for my not noticing this before, than my intentness on the battle; and that, I ween, is reason sufficient, considering the whole, as it ought to be considered, in a humourous point of view.

He must have had a great share of gravity, indeed, who could have been an ear-witness of the refined tongue-contest of those two judicious and adroit spualblers, and an eye-witness of their last valorous struggle, without one merry thought.

It is to be hoped, the knowing part of the world will not judge me an idiot, a nincompoop, a blockhead, or, in short, any other character which belongs to the sect of stupid fellows, if I declare, that they afforded me as much diversion as I ever had, in a single day, throughout my vagrancy. But what humour, or sport, our gentry can find in seeing two notorious rascals (so I call prize-fighters) deliberately beat each other's face to mummy; and bruise one another in the paunch, &c. till they are more weary, bloody, and breathless than many a brave soldier who has had a hard day's work with the enemies of his country in the field; I say, what delight our gentry can take in such

an amusement as this; or, indeed, how it can be called an amusement, I am at a loss to discover.

I have been credibly informed, (for; I must own, I was never *gentleman* enough to be present at one of these *polished matches*, although I have received frequent invitations from several persons of rank; who, I am persuaded, would ride a hundred miles to see one) that the faster the blood wells from the two boxers, the greater is the cheer of the spectators.

Well may an honest Englishman be ashamed of his countrymen's taste! And well may every foreigner who visits us, ery down our *humanity*, when he returns home, and is asked by his friends, what he thinks of us?

To speak a daring truth, if this, and other arrant evils, continue to be supported by people who *ought* to know better, the n—y; and tolerated, or at least

winked at, by the power whose positive duty it is to crush all barbarous and extravagant diversions that tend to the corruption of the state, our poor little nation will presently be, if it be not already, the laughing-stock of the whole world. But let us quit this vexatious digression, and proceed, as fast as we can, on our journey.

As I was indulging my humour with a variety of lively reflections, relative to the incidents of the day, my ears were suddenly arrested by the sound of horses feet, and the shrieks of a female voice, at some distance before me. I clambered immediately upon the hedge, thinking, that I could there satisfy myself of what I heard to the full : but the road turning short, about two hundred yards from the place where I then stood, and the country about being woody, I was, very ill paid for my trouble ; that is to say, I could not get the faintest glimpse of the object, or objects, I looked out for. However, the trampling of the horse's feet and the



screams of the woman, became perceptibly louder ; I therefore concluded, that they were coming towards me ; and that if I could have the patience to stay where I was for a few moments, I should certainly see what the matter was.

Quicker than a swallow wings upon its food, there appeared, at the turning of the lane, a young lady on the back of a wild and fiery hunter ; which was galloping as hard as 'twas possible for it to do. On her nearer approach, I perceived, that she had lost her shoes and hat : her countenance, which was as pale as death, betrayed at once, the fright and disorder of her mind. She had left loose of the bridle, and was now clinging to the horse's mane. The cries which she, at intervals, uttered, grew fainter and fainter : in short, she was in as pitiable a distress as ever poor lady was.

The fear of seeing her thrown, made me tremble so violently, that my legs felt

as though they had an intention of refusing me their support ; and my heart melted within me.

Before she reached the place where I was, I leaped, as sharply as I could, from the hedge ; and out of my impatience to serve her, was going, like an impolitic fool as I was, to post myself right in the middle of the road, with design to stop the horse ; which if I had done, I certainly should have been ridden over, and, peradventure, sent to my last account, without having done her a tittle of good. But, on second thoughts, I fixed upon a wiser, though not less desperate, project. This was, the placing myself in that part of the way where the horse would unavoidably pass ; determining, at the juncture of its going by me, to seize upon the lady, and exert every fibre of my strength to drag her from the saddle.

I confess, it was the most unaccountable plan that ever started in the mind of

either madman or wise-man; but there was no time to forge a nest of schemes, and to pick out the safest of them. For, by the time that I had thrown down my crabstick, and taken my stand, the horse came up full speed; and just as it was coursing by me, I caught quickly hold of the lady by the arm; and with a manful pull, and the gracious aid of providence, brought her safe into my arms.

The force with which she fell, fairly took my breath of me. I staggered back apace; and, in spite of my efforts to keep upon my feet, tumbled, at full length, into the ditch, with the lady upon me. Shaken and breathless as I was, however, I made shift to raise both her and myself up. But now a fresh misfortune presented itself; a misfortune which, to a person who has not a good deal of the doctor in him, is very alarming, and very mortifying. In two words, reader, I found the lady was in a dead fainting-fit. I was, as thou mayest suppose, completely at my

wits' end. What to do, to hasten her return to life, I knew not. Sorry as the opinion was, that I had formed of the capacity of my fellow-traveller, the physician, I would willingly have feed him with every farthing I had, to have had his advice and assistance: for it drove me almost mad, to see a lovely woman in so unhappy a condition, and not be able to do any thing for her. 'Tis true, I beat her upon the hand, as I have often seen old women do in like cases; but that (no degradation to the establishers of the *custom*) was not of the smallest benefit to her. I might as well have shouted after the horse, to stop. Nature, which sometimes demands the most powerful help, was forced to be her only restorer.

While she lay in this quiet, though distressing state upon my bosom, an old gentleman, followed by a groom in livery, came riding towards us on the spur. He had no sooner reached the place where we sat, than he threw himself distractedly

from his horse ; and running up to us, with a countenance that bespoke the most poignant affliction, snatched the lady up in his arms ; and, without taking the least notice of me, burst forth into wailings that would have touched a soul of the stubbornest and most incompassionate make.

As she began, in a little time, to shew some signs of life, he ceased the violence of his complaints ; and in proportion as she recovered, his grief became more tranquil.

When she grew sensible of the objects about her, she cast a look at me, which gave me a great deal more thanks than her tongue could have done, if it had spoken for a whole hour ; and then, throwing up her fair eyes to the old gentleman who supported her, “ Oh, my dear uncle ! ” cried she, in a tone that might have vied softness with the tenderest notes of Philomel ; “ if it had not been for this gentle-

man's humanity, you would never have seen me alive again."

The old gentleman, upon this, turned briskly round to me, and praying God to bless me, gave me as fervent a hug as ever I had in my life.

As soon as the lady was in a condition to walk, her uncle asked me, if I would lend him my aid in conducting her home. I returned for answer, that I was heartily at his service: and so, after he had ordered his servant to go and look for the run-away horse, we set forward; the young lady having for her supports an arm of each of us.

Although the house (a handsome, old-fashioned hall, encompassed with a thick, extensive park) was very little more than half a mile off, we were upwards of an hour in walking to it: for the old gentleman would not, on any account whatsoever, suffer his niece to hurry herself.

We were met, at the gate, by a cluster of servants; who were so impatient to know what accident had befallen their young mistress, and prated, and stood so much in our way, that the old gentleman, their master, found it necessary to fall into a great passion, to get rid of them. But even this did not deter them from expressing their concern for her; and when we got into the house, they all bestirred themselves about her with an eagerness that would have been troublesome, if it had not been bounded by respect.

The tenderness and solicitude of the old gentleman broke out afresh, in a very odd and extraordinary manner. He was possessed with a notion, that she had received, in the fall, an inward hurt; and though she complained of nothing but a slight head-ache, he insisted upon her going, without delay, to bed. She would fain have excused herself from this; alleging, that fear was the capital cause of her disorder: but, finding him obstinate,

she at length, like an affectionate niece as she was, resigned herself wholly to his humour. Which she had no sooner done, than he dispatched one of his servants to Barnet, for a doctor. So careful was he of her health: so tenderly did he dote upon her.

In the interim, the man who went in quest of the rebel-horse, arrived, quite out of breath, and with a face that was surcharged with dumpish chagrin.

Upon his master's demanding of him, what was the matter, he shook his head, and cried, in a rueful voice, " Ah, sir ! I found poor Robin staked ! "

" I am sorry for that : " cried the old gentleman, looking very sad, as if to keep his man in countenance ; " he was an excellent horse, but a dismal wicked dog ; you know that, Tom ! "

" An't please you, sir, " cried the man,



blubbering ; “ that was his mettle—his mettle, sir ! He had no more harm in him than a barley-corn, or a Harry-long-legs, or a twitch-clock ! no, that he hadn’t, poor lad ! I set greater store on him than all the horses in your worship’s stable ; and I would have fought up to the neck in blood for him, any day ! ”

The old gentleman could not help smiling at the fellow’s simplicity ; and turning to me, “ This horse, sir,” said he, “ was a great favourite with us all ; but he was, somehow, so spirited, that I would never allow my girl to mount him, (though she is as fine a horse-woman as any in England, without exception) till this morning ; and I don’t believe I should have done then, if her pad had not been taken suddenly ill. You must know, sir, it is our custom, if the weather be favourable, to take the air every day at eleven o’clock, a-horseback. We were returning home this fatal morning, [here the groom let out a very heavy groan] after

a very pleasant ride, when we unfortunately met a waggon ; the driver of which giving a loud crack with his whip, at the instant we were passing by, the horse took fright, and ran away with her. I and my man, here, followed as hard as the spur and whip could make us ; but there was no overtaking him. He flew like a hail-storm ; and but for you, my good sir, [here he caught hold of my hand, and shook me by it with a cordiality that I could not but be sensible of] I say, but for you, sir, I should have been robbed of a jewel that I prize, and not without reason, beyond every thing I possess, even life itself."

When I had drank the lady's recovery in a glass of wine, at the particular instance of the old gentleman, I arose from my seat, with an intention to take my leave : for I knew it was high time for me to do so, if I had a mind to get to Barnet before the coach. But he, with as much familiarity as if I had been acquainted

with him for a number of years, pushed me back into the chair; declaring, in a good-humoured accent, that his niece would pick a hole in his coat, if he suffered me to depart without wishing her good b'ye.

I must confess, I was greatly surprised at this plain-dealing of his; and as much puzzled how to make a suitable answer to it: but, recollecting myself, I thought a few words would settle the business in a twinkling. In short, I informed him whether I was going, of the breaking down of the coach, &c.

“Oh, oh!” returned he, pretty quickly; “if that be all your hurry, I will put you beyond a possibility of excuse. Do not trouble your head about the coach, my good sir!—If you will honour me so far, as to take up your abode with us till to-morrow morning, a horse and one of my men, shall be at your service.”

This was so hospitable a proposal, and there was something so warm and obliging in his way of speaking it, that I should have been wanting in good manners, if I had made the slightest refusal of it.

“Though I am well assured, sir,” said I; “that I have not, for what I have done, by any means so great a claim upon your kindness, as you seem to think I have, I accept your invitation with a deal of pleasure.”

The point being thus settled, I bethought me of the bundle which I had left behind me in the coach, and was going to hurry into the high-road, with intent to wait there its coming up: but my friendly host arrested me, as suddenly as he had done before.

“Hold, hold, sir knight!” said he, smiling; “I will not trust you from my sight yet, not even on your parole: for, perhaps, when you have got out of the

scent of my house, you will change your mind, and we shall not see your face again. Any one of my servants, I conceive, will transact the business with as much skill and exactness as you can possibly pretend to ; so rest contented where you are."

He accordingly, without more ado, gave the word to the bewailing gentleman ; who, in half an hour's time, brought me the bundle very safely.

Just as the servants were laying the cloth for dinner, the doctor who had been sent for to Barnet, made his entry into the yard, upon a huge black gelding.

He was a short, strong-built man, and alighted from his horse with a readiness and grace that would have done credit to the prowdest hero of the age. He had not a trait of that settled preciseness and forbidding gravity, which so peculiarly distinguish the medical fraternity from any

other, either in word, countenance, or character. On the contrary, he was very free with his tongue, though he had nothing at all to do with hums and haes : his manners were courteous and easy ; and as for the right honourable physical strut, he paid as little regard to it, as he did to the smelling to his cane.

I am the more particular in my account of him, because he did not give himself any stupid airs ; that is to say, he did not lay out his brains in adorning his *looks* ; or, if that method of speaking will not suit the reader, he would not *look wiser* than he really was ; which, in my humble opinion, redounds very much to his honour, both as a man and a doctor.

Indeed, I must say this for him, (and by so doing, I shall only give him what in common justice belongs to him) that he was as pleasant, agreeable, and good-natured a little gentleman as I ever met with ; and he had a store of sense that

kept these his happy qualities in countenance. In short, from what I have said of him, I think he may, without the least scruple; be set down for a quite opposite creature to my coach-mate, the long physician.

As soon as he had learned the business he was wanted upon, he was conducted, by a servant-maid, into the lady's chamber; and during the time that he took up, in questioning her, feeling her pulse, &c., the old gentleman, her uncle, was in a thousand troubles. Indeed, I do not remember, that I ever saw a person in so much uneasiness and suspense in my life. He walked backward and forward in the room, as though he had absolutely been distempered in his head; said, almost at every pace, the doctor staid a long time; and after he had proceeded in this manner for a minute or two, he stopped short before me, and with an uncouth stare, and (if my reader will let me use the expression) a voice that was winged with

tristful earnestness, asked me, if I thought his poor girl was not in very great danger ? I answered him in the negative, and did what I could to pacify him ; but it was all to little purpose. His concern visibly increased ; and I know not where it would have stopped, if the physician had not shortly shewn us his good-humoured face again. He had hardly got into the room, when the old gentleman laid hold of him by the breast of his coat ; and regarding him with a look that was made up of fear, sadness, and a small portion of hope, cried out—" Do not deceive me, sir ; but tell me, honestly, what you think of my dear child ?"

" Why, truly, sir," replied the doctor, smothering a laugh ; " I think she is as hearty as any young lady needs to be. It was a strange whim of yours, begging your pardon, to send her to bed : however, 'twas done for the best, no doubt ; so we must not, for this once, make any scrutiny into your medical capacity. But I



warn you to have a care for the future ; for we doctors are terrible fellows, when we fall upon a quack in earnest. We tear him, sir, till he has not an ounce of *physical skill* about him."

The old gentleman paid little heed to what he said of that, but entreated him, again, to deal ingenuously with him, and not cheat him with false hopes.

"Do not frighten yourself, sir!" cried the physician ; "I assure you, once more, the young lady is as well as either you or I."

"God bless thee, doctor!" cried the old gentleman, giving him a very sound clipping ; for that was the way in which he commonly made his acknowledgments to a person : "May'st thou ever prosper like a hearty little rogue as thou art!"

The doctor, whose name was Morris, having thanked him for his good wishes,

faced about to me ; and cocking his eye at me, "I fancy, sir," said he ; "you are the gentleman who was so compassionate, as——"

"You are right, my dear doctor !" interrupted the old man ; "he is the gentleman—the self-same gentleman, (here he gave me a very loving hug) who saved my girl from a miserable death."

He finished with a few expressions which, if I were to write them down, would most certainly, as I am my own historian, make a very scurvy figure, and, peradventure, spur on my gentle reader, in spite of what I have heretofore declared, to call me, or suppose me to be, a vain contemptible rascal, without the least tincture of delicacy—it will, perhaps, be as proper for me to say—decency, in my composition : I therefore shall leave them out ; and sit down content with the reflection, that I have slipped, or rather skipped over, a fair opportunity of making myself into a proper good calf.

“Well, sir,” cried the doctor, still keeping his eyes upon me ; “I have had a very good account of your behaviour on the occasion, from the young lady herself.”

I replied to him, with a very low bow.

“Nay, sir,” continued he, giving the reins to his speech ; “I do not mean it as a compliment: for ’tis my frank opinion, and I would have you to know it, that you have only discharged a duty which humanity lays upon every person, who follows and practices, in his soul, the divine tenets of our Blessed Lord and Saviour.”

This is so just and religious a sentiment, that, I think, I cannot do better than conclude the chapter with it.

## CHAP. VII.

*At which a sweet-toothed Reader will  
lick his Lips.*

**T**HE old gentleman, transported that his niece was hurt no otherwise than by her fears, was ready to devour the worthy little doctor, and withal gave him a pressing invitation to dinner; but he declined it, saying, that he had several patients to visit, whom he could not, by any means, neglect. He, however, out of hospitality, rather than ill-manners, was loath to listen to this excuse, reasonable as it was; and urged many strong arguments to persuade him to stay; but the doctor stood firm to his duty: so he was forced, after having extorted a promise from him, that he would spend a few weeks at his house the following summer, to let him go about his business.

It may not be impertinent to give the  
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reader, in this place, a short insight into the character, family, and condition of this extraordinary gentleman. His name was Ainsworth ; and he was nearly allied to several of the principal nobility. The estate he then lived upon, had been in the family time immemorial. He was said to be worth five thousand pounds *per annum* ; and he had such powerful interest, and was so greatly beloved and respected throughout the country, that he had had many urgent solicitations, at divers times, to put up for a seat in parliament ; but his ambition not turning that way, he had always rejected them ; declaring, with praiseworthy candour, that he had not a political head ; and that he did not care, for the bare sake of a name, to meddle with matters that he knew nothing about. His friends, as I have been informed, were often provoked at his refusal, and would tell him, almost at every dissolution, &c. of parliament, that they would certainly canvass and poll for him, whether he would or no, for the dutchy of St. Al-

bans. This threat used to frighten him to a violent degree ; and he would repeatedly swear, that he wished, with all his heart, he had been born a Tartar, or a Chinese. But they were merciful enough never to put it in force: so, being now well stricken in years, he had waded through all hazards, and was in no fear of receiving any further importunities of that nature.

If any person did him a good turn, he hardly ever thought himself freed from the obligation, but took a pleasure in heaping kindness upon kindness on him. The poor, for miles about, were ready to go through fire and water for him ; and spoke of him as a man by whose death they should lose an incomparable friend and patron. And, indeed, they had the greatest reason for doing so: for, let what would happen to vex him, he was never out of humour with charity ; but relieved their several necessities, as far as in him lay, alike at all times.

To those whom he honoured with his friendship and confidence, he was immoveably firm and sincere: to strangers, free, obliging, and hospitable; insomuch that oppressed virtue and worth were sure to be cherished under his roof, and the benighted traveller was as sure to be welcome to a good bed, and the best cheer and solace the house afforded.

His extraordinary fondness for his niece I have already taken notice of; it will, therefore, be enough to let the reader know, here, the probable cause, or causes, of that fondness. First, she was the daughter of an only brother, a colonel in the army, whom he tenderly loved, and who died in the West-Indies, while she was an infant; and left her, with a fortune that pretty nearly reached the sum of twenty thousand pounds, to his particular care, management, and protection. Secondly, her amiable disposition, which shewed itself in every thing she said or did. Thirdly, her ready diligence and

cheerfulness in performing whatever he required of her ; and, in short, her universal behaviour towards him ; which emerged from the truest respect, and the most tender and disinterested affection.

He was a justice of the Peace, understood surveying and farming to a nicety ; and, by the help of a good literal translation, and his namesake's dictionary, had made himself master of Virgil's Georgics ; of which he would often run in raptures ; saying, that he was persuaded they would hold good to all eternity ; that the author of them, though an heathen, was the finest fellow that ever God put life into, and the like.

He had been, in times of yore, a notorious stag-hunter ; but being now grown old, as I have before observed, he satisfied himself with what sport a hare could yield him ; which, as he had a large share of good health, he never failed to take once or twice a week, during the season.



To the  
friends'  
mover  
free.  
that  
to  
be

*As a word of advice, his excellent quali-  
ties (if I may say that word) I cannot  
omit mentioning, for more reasons than  
one, a few of his most eminent foibles.  
In the first place, he was proud, passion-  
ate, revengeful, and easily put out of the  
way. In the second place, he had very  
odd notions about the deity, which were  
founded in superstition and paganism.  
Being somewhat suspicious, he hated a  
whisperer with as much heartiness as he  
did a prig, or a coxcomb; and if he took  
a thing into his head, good or bad, there  
was no driving it out again. To those  
who had incurred his wrath, whether wit-  
tingly or unwittingly, he was the greatest  
tyrant in the world; and he sometimes  
took liberties with them, which compas-  
sion, justice, reason, in short, every at-  
tendant upon humanity, cried shame of.  
Add to which, he was impatient of all  
natural evils, fond of pageantry and  
dainty living; and so eager of the bottle,  
that, I believe, he scarcely ever went to  
bed one night sober throughout the year.*

He was likewise terribly afraid of being molested with thieves; for which reason, he had erected a wooden watch-box at the North-East end of his house, and obliged all his male domestics to keep guard there every night in their turns, in company with a couple of stout bull-dogs. By this piece of whimsical policy, his house was as secure as a fortified castle: for if any adventurous hero had the impudence to come within twenty yards of it, during the hours of watching, he was certain to be well worried, and taken prisoner to boot.—Thus much for the character of Mr. Ainsworth.

In little more than half an hour after doctor Morris had taken his leave, a very elegant dinner was served up, with all the order imaginable. The immense load of plate, the variety of wines and dishes, the troop of livery-gentlemen, and, in one word, every thing that I fixed my eyes upon, made me question, whether I was not in a palace, rather than in the house of

a private gentleman. But what fastened my attention, and deserved my admiration most, was the figure of Miss Olivia Ainsworth, who entered the room just as the old gentleman and I were taking our seats at the table, clad in all the glory of modesty, innocence, and beauty.

Her face, which was before pale with fear and loss of breath, was now delicately covered with a hue sweeter than the loveliest carnation. How inexpressibly fair and handsome was her neck! how prettily did her fine black tresses dance about it! How unlike every thing, save a falling meteor, was the smooth, the divine lustre that shed from her expressive eyes! How delightfully regular was every feature! How exact and well-proportioned every limb! What grace, what elegance, what ease, in her air! what heavenly majesty in her gait! In short, the charming dame who laid the cornerstone to Troy's ruin, could not possibly have been blessed with a more enviable treasure of beauty.

She was then only in her fifteenth year ; yet her graces and womanly dignity seemed to be in their full blossom. Her dress was an azure-blue silk, trimmed at the bosom with fine silver brocade, and skirted, in a beautiful, though simple manner, with white satin ribbon. Round her lillied neck (I cannot help being poetical, reader) hung a link of coral-beads ; and her flowing ringlets were adorned, but that they need not have been, with several knots of silken cord, which were over-spread with small white pearls.

Though the colouring of this portrait is poor and feeble, in comparison with the original, yet I hope the world will do me the justice to say, that 'twas no wonder I preferred the sight of her above all the delicate meats and fine things that were placed before me.

During dinner, at which she did what the polite call the honours of the table, I was so bewitched with her whole person

and mien, that I am almost sure if any fastidious people had been there to observe me, they would have thought me either a very slovenly eater, or a very impudent and heedless puppy. To say the truth, I could not keep my eyes from her, let me strive as I would ; but was unwary enough to let her catch me, more than a dozen times, in the fact ; at every one of which she veiled her fair face with blushes of the chastest bashfulness.

The cloth was no sooner removed, than she sat down, at her uncle's request, to her *piano-forte*, and played and sung the most enchanting airs conceivable. My soul was raised to the highest pitch of ecstasy and wonder. I gazed upon her with the most wistful avidity, and listened to each strain with the deepest and steadiest regard. In short, I know not whether my eyes or ears paid her the greatest fealty. But this I am certain of, that I felt a very strange transition in the health of my heart.

The old gentleman seemed pleased with my attentiveness, and asked me, every now and then, in a whisper, if I ever knew a person with a better voice or a finer finger than Livy had? It will be unnecessary, I conceive, to tell the reader what my replies were: let it suffice, that I never passed a more delightful afternoon in the whole course of my life.

She continued to entertain me in this agreeable way, till seven of the clock; and perhaps would have done much longer, but for her uncle; who, getting half-seas-over, began to talk about things which were too homely and downright for her delicacy to submit to; she therefore, after having taken a suitable leave of me, withdrew to her private apartment; but left the image of her incomparable form behind her, and in such happy colours, that if I had never had the good fortune to see her again, I am persuaded she would have lived in my memory, until the general destroyer had knocked me on the head.

The 'squire, now that his niece was out of the way, fell to the bottle in earnest, and plied it incessantly ; and, to give him his due, he would fain have had me to do the same : but not being in the fuddling vein, I fought very shily ; and, though he pretended to have the eye and perception of an eagle or lynx, I had the luck to beguile him ; that is to say, almost every glass he thought I drank, went, by stealth, into a spitting-box, that stood at my feet. A very extravagant, but, situated as I was, a very excusable device.

Meanwhile, he did his best to divert me with an account of his youthful pranks and adventures ; told several family anecdotes, equally quaint and unintelligible ; cracked no less than a hundred jests upon a neighbouring magistrate, who was his inveterate enemy ; gave an excellent imitation of the bugle-horn ; and sung a variety of loose and disorderly hunting catches.

Though I had not a very keen relish for such an hotch-potch of humour, I was forced, out of *good-breeding*, to laugh when he laughed; which, by the way, he did pretty often; and, indeed, to strike in with every thing he said.

By this strained complacency, I crept a long way up his sleeve; and, at last, got so thickly into his friendship and good request, that he called me, in the height of his cups, a very hearty fellow; shook me, immoderately, not to say unmercifully, by the hand; and gave me an invitation to stay Christmas over with him. He swore, he would have no denial; for that if I attempted to go away sooner, he would have me chained down to the floor: so I was obliged to make no words, but accept it.

He drank, sung, roared, and bellowed, till he could drink, sing, roar, and bellow no longer. To be plain with thee, reader, at a few minutes before eleven,



(for he laid at the bottle like an hero, till that time) he tumbled, all on a sudden, off his chair ; and, without saying good night, fell a playing upon the snoring instrument, in a remarkably expert manner : but, having no gust for such kind of music, I did not sit long to hearken to it, but, after making a little parley with the chamber-maid, went off to bed ; though, maugre the caution I had used, not without being, in some degree, flustered.

What with the fermentation which the wine I had drank, had thrown my blood into, the pain of the cut in my arm, and the thoughts of the young lady, I had a very restless night on't. Indeed, if I slept an hour, 'twas the utmost.

## CHAP. VIII.

*Which, the Author fears, will make those gentlemen who know how to court with a good grace, cry out—  
‘ Pish !’*

**W**HEN I went down stairs in the morning, the very first person I encountered, was the old gentleman ; who, drunk as I had left him, was now as sober as a judge, and looked as blithe and fresh as a ploughman. I confess, I was not a little surprised at this ; for I expected no other but to hear that he was very ill a-bed. But what was my amazement, when he reminded me, at breakfast, in the presence of his niece, of the promise I had made him ; viz. to tarry Christmas over with him.

Before I had time either to renew my acceptance of the invitation, or excuse myself from it, he called out to the young

lady, across the tea-table, "Harkee, Livy! when we have finished breakfast, fetch me one of thy famous plaisters; for my cock of wax, here, told me, last night, he had got a scratch in his arm, with that blackguard coach breaking down. And I'm sure he has not had much sleep with it, he looks so deuced heavy. Doesn't think he looks heavy, child? Ay, he looks heavy; but he'll get the better of that, by and by. I must have you as sound as a trout, sir; (continued he) and then I'll make you into such a clever sportsman, that the wildest hunter that ever topped a hedge, shall not be able to throw you: I will, indeed."

Accordingly, the tea-equipage was no sooner taken away, than Miss Olivia brought out a small mahogany-box, filled with all kinds of drugs, in as neat and orderly a manner as the finest apothecary's shop is.

Having prepared the plaister, Mr. Ains-

worth ~~desired~~ me to take off my coat ; which I did, sheepishly enough : and when I stripped up my shirt-sleeve, which was very stiff and discoloured with blood, the wound was so much inflamed, and gaped so widely, (for 'twas none of the slightest) that they looked at one another with the strangest fear and astonishment. Indeed, poor Olivia seemed quite thunderstruck. Her pretty face turned first pale, then red, and a compassionate tear started in each eye.

“Oons!” cried the old man, eyeing me very attentively ; “is this what you call a scratch ? God defend me, and all mankind, from such scratches ! Ay, ay, (added he, shaking his head) it is a scratch, with a witness.”

Then, turning to his niece, he gave her orders to apply the plaister to it. I assured him, I could do it myself, with the greatest ease : for, I must own, I thought she was too noble, as well as too

delicate, a creature, to soil her fingers with such a dirty business ; and besides I was afraid it would be very unpleasant to her. These considerations, I say, made me countermand the old gentleman's orders ; but she, with a readiness and pleasure which I shall never forget, if I live to the age of Methusalem, immediately began to dress the hurt, put bandages about it, and——but, in short, she performed the whole operation to a miracle ; and, as I have good flesh for healing, I was quite well of it in a fortnight's time.

I could not now, with any countenance, offer to shift my quarters : the die was cast ; and, to speak frankly, I was very glad of it : for, besides that I was *a gentleman at large*, and consequently my own master, I had suddenly contracted a strong veneration for my fair surgeon, and longed for the honour of her good graces. I will not say, that it amounted, at first, to what we call violent love ; but it is certain, that that restless passion had

taken root in me ; and I cannot deny, that it grew up, in a short time, to as fair a height as 'twas possible for it to do. Indeed, she had so many charms in her air and conversation, as well as in her person, that I should have been the most lifeless and insipid dolt in the world, if I could have both gazed and listened, without admiring her,—or admired her, without loving her.

Those days that the old gentleman did not take me out with him a hunting, or overseeing the labourers that he kept about his farm, were spent wholly in her company, and in a way that answered the same end as bellows to a fire.

The 'squire, in his youthful days, had been a scraper on the fiddle ; and as I gave him to know, that I could strike a few tunes out of that instrument myself, he one day, of his own accord, brought out an old dusty one ; which, at his desire, I strung and dressed up in the best man-

ner I was able. With this I played many soft airs and sprightly *solos* to her, and accompanied her in several pretty pieces that she played on the *piano*.

The old gentleman, in his hot way, swore, I was the best hand he had heard for the last thirty years. Olivia complimented me only with her eyes; which, however, spoke plainly enough to make me very vain. Indeed, they both were mightily pleased with me on this score; and gave me more credit than was really my desert.

Mr. Ainsworth, being very fond of music, would set us at work almost every day after dinner, and keep us close to it, for the most part, till he was perfectly disabled from attending, by the tyranny of his jadish sweetheart, the bottle.

This would have been extremely irksome to me, if my fellow-labourer had been indifferent to me; but, as she had,

without the help of oglings, smirks, leers, simpers, teh-hes, or any such fashionable and high-polished tricks, made my heart her humble servant, I believe I may say, with truth, that I should not have been wearied, if I had done nothing else but play, from eight o'clock in the morning till midnight.—Such is the influence of the little eyeless urchin, love.

Her graciousness and kind treatment of me, made me foster this delightful, though teasing passion, in secret, till it became too hot and pampered to be borne with. My appetite, on a sudden, failed me; I had no sleep at nights, but tumbled about in bed, and turned over from one side to t'other, like a man who is full of turbulent pains. What little I spoke was wrapped up in heavy sighs: my heart sometimes beat with unruly violence, and at others, was ready to die within me. I grew absent and pensive; and often made such out-of-the-way answers to any simple questions that were asked me, that



I one day overheard the old gentleman say to the fair author of all my torment, that he thought their young guest was not so hearty in mind as he should be. In short, I may honestly say, with Sappho—

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;  
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;  
My feeble pulse forgot to play;  
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

As the old gentleman was not so foolishly strict, as to be afraid to trust her out of his sight, and as he had taken a liking to me, and placed, to use his own phrase, a good deal of faith in me, both on account of the accident by which I had become acquainted with him, and the spirited, or rather hotspurred, manner in which I leaped over hedges, and swam across deep pools of water, when he carried me out a hunting; I say, he had confidence enough in me not to be scrupulous about trusting us alone together; so I had many fair opportunities of breaking my mind to her; in plain language, of telling her I loved

her. But the thought of my desperate circumstances, I mean, the consciousness of my being nothing but a mere vagabond, that torturing thought, reader, oftentimes arrested my tongue, when it was just upon the point of making me *aut Cæsar, aut nullus*.

I secretly languished, for a full month, under a thousand lovesick heats ; and the more I endeavoured to reason myself out of the fire, the more I was scorched with it.

When I helped her to mount her pad, or handed her, in our walks, through a dirty gateway, or over a brook,—in short, whenever I touched her, my whole frame fainted, as it were, from all its strength ; I trembled like a detected thief ; my mind fluttered with a confusion of passionate thoughts ; and, indeed, I felt so instable, and out of all good harmony with myself, that if a moderate brisk wind had sprung up from any one of the

four quarters, 'tis odds but I had made my reverence to the ground.

One morning, while the old gentleman was committing to paper, in his study, several new schemes that had struck him, touching agriculture, my enchantress, looking over her collection of music-books, found Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's day, set by an ingenious hand, a friend of her uncle's. The earnest pleasure with which I had often read it at school, (not to mention the suitableness of it to the humour in which my soul then was) made me request her to favour me with it. She did not need a repetition of my suit, but, with her wonted readiness to please me, went straight to her *piano*; and, after playing a beautiful flourish, by way of preface, began in a strain which put the little wanton Archer in such high spirits, that, as if he had not pestered me enough already, he drew sheer from his quiver another of his keenest shafts, and must needs let fly at me.

I stood over her, burning with ten thousand loves ; every note echoed, as it were, within me ; and out of my hot delight, I many a time and oft put my longing lips within the warmth of her lovely neck ; but an unaccountable terror always started upon my nerves, and forced me back : yet, when she came to, and had warbled the following noble and sublime lines,

The lovely Thais by his side,  
Sate like a blooming Eastern Bride,  
In Flow'r of Youth and Beauty's Pride.  
Happy, happy, happy Pair !  
None but the Brave, none but Brave,  
None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

I could withhold myself no longer : a sudden blaze of rapture flashing upon my heart, drove away every fear : and before she had rallied her breath for the next verse, I rushed, like a desperate and impetuous robber, upon her lips, and eagerly ravished a kiss.

Her ears, face, and bosom, instantly

took fire at the theft, and glowed with all the delicate fervor of the Western sky in summer, when it is put to the blush by the overawing majesty of the setting sun.

She tried to go on, but, alas! her sweet voice faltered, and was choked with the hurry and disturbance of her mind: her pretty fingers flew, trembling, across the keys, and played a charming confusion of melody.

I stood, all the time, panting betwixt two fires; that is to say, I was tortured on one hand, lest I had, by my rudeness, laid myself open to her displeasure; and, on the other, I felt strongly inclined to repeat the rape.

Without weighing consequences, I determined, at all events, to make my sufferings known to her, there and then, and throw them, in the bulk, upon her mercy and compassion. In order to this, I took her snowy hand in mine, and humbly

cast myself at her feet. But when I had got there, my tongue played the traitor ; in other terms, I had nothing at all to say for myself. A fearful trembling seized hold of all my limbs ; I looked upon her with passionate delight ; my heart let out sigh after sigh, and beat with innumerable sensations : in short, I was full of tumult and the wildest distraction.

Olivia's disorder was violent beyond description : indeed, she knew not which way to look. Her hand burnt and shook dreadfully ; and, just as I was about to plant an ardent kiss upon it, she suddenly withdrew it ; started from her seat ; covered her face with her pocket-handkerchief ; and fled, with broken, though hasty steps, out of the room.

I continued upon my knees, in as deranged and cruel a pickle as ever poor lover was, till I had regained just enough of my reason to tell me, that I had no further business there. I admitted the

justness of the remark directly ; got upon my feet ; and walking about the room with a very brisk pace, gave myself up to the most racking and vexatious thoughts imaginable.

I took it for granted, that I had irretrievably done for myself in her fair estimation ; and that she would, for time to come, withhold from me her courtesy and good-will ; the enjoyment of which I set a more earnest value upon, and regarded as an infinitely greater blessing, than every thing that it had pleased the Almighty to vouchsafe to me.

My hot raving fancy furthermore alarmed me with an intimation, that she would report me to her uncle ; and that, well knowing his headstrong temper, I should consequently receive sudden orders to *strike camp*. But how shameful an injustice did I do the character of the generous-minded Olivia by such flighty conjectures ! Had I discovered any vestiges of revenge-

fulness in her disposition, that I durst enter into such a train of reflection? No, no:—she was all innocence, gentleness, and love, and would not have wished, or done ill to the sorriest reptile that ever grovelled. Yet, I know not how it happened, I was full of doubt and anxiety; and was afraid to promise, or, indeed, give myself any hopes of an escape from the jeopardy which, I fancied, was going to fasten upon me. But the next time I met her, which was at dinner the same day, she had so much sweetness and complacency in her looks, and when she asked me, what she must help me to, she did it altogether in such a soft gracious voice, and obliging manner, that I could not help casting away all my apprehensions; and I made an indifferent hearty meal besides, the rather, because she had cooked the dish that I eat of, herself.

From this time, we began to look like lovers in earnest: for whenever our eyes encountered one another, we suddenly



changed countenance; and were so full of agitation and disorder, that the old squire, at last, took notice of it, and would repeatedly ask us, with some degree of churlishness, what the deuce we found to blush at?

This home question, as may naturally be supposed, used to make us ten times worse; and the more we essayed to bring our looks into a smooth channel, the more we were ruffled. In short, the old gentleman began to *smell a rat*, and consequently grew very pettish to his niece, and uncourteous enough to me. He left off his walks and hunting all at once; and, to fill up the vacancy, mobbed his servants, day by day, exceeding heartily; levied heavy contributions on the winebin; talked to himself in a grumbling mutter; and modelled all his features into a crabbed and discontented frown.

'Twas plain, now, that I had eaten every grain of my welcome; but the time that

I had been invited to stay, being not yet out, I could not think of taking my leave. I must confess, if there had not been love in the case, my pride would not have brooked any shiness whatsoever; but, on the contrary, I believe I should have gone about my business at the first cold look I had received: yet I was so unaccountably fettered and unmanned by that subtile passion, that I had no power or authority over myself. Olivia was my hope, my fear, my joy, my soul, my every thing, to all intents and purposes: how, then, could I relish the thought of parting with her? It was too distracting a one to be endured without flinching: and although I knew very well, that the day was not far distant, on which my o'erfraught heart must assuredly undergo that dreaded trial, yet did I buoy up my sinking spirits with the anticipation of the many pleasant moments I should spend in the interim.

Mr. Ainsworth's petulance and chagrin gained ground, I may say, every hour;

and all the domestics in the house, who, by the way, had been *cap in hand* to me before, quickly fashioned their looks and behaviour by his; and were not only slow and lumpish in doing me any little service that I required of them, but downright impudent and saucy.

The amiable Olivia, in proportion as this general sullenness and disrespect increased, became more alert and assiduous in her attention to me; and, though I had never declared myself her prisoner with my tongue, I overheard her, in happy hour, drop a few expressions to her maid about me, which suggested a thousand delightful things to me. To say the truth, I learnt by them, that I had a very roomy place in her thoughts; and that she had a more than ordinary friendship for me.

I shall leave the transport which this discovery threw me into, to the reader's conception, as all description would fall infinitely short of its greatness, and only

note, that I had a heart as light and brisk as æther.

My time was now wholly spent between frowns and smiles ; but the asperity of the former, being blunted by the gratefulness of the latter, did me very little harm ; and I lived as happily as one in such odd circumstances could live.

## CHAP. IX.

*Containing more pranks of the little blind Rogue, with a penance of the woful kidney, which the Author, at first, having none of Job's Elixir by him, bears in a very unchristian-like manner ; but being comforted by his divine Mistress, he makes a virtue of necessity, and ends with an apt and learned Citation.*

ON the morning of Christmas-Eve, I got out of bed (after having passed a sleepless night, with thinking of my charming mistress) just as the rosy fingered goddess had given the whip to her fleet-winged coursers, in order to usher in her fiery brother ; and, as soon as I had put on my clothes, I sallied out into the fields, and struck, rather on purpose than by accident, into Olivia's favourite walk ; resolving to enjoy at once the cooling savour of the air, and the unwasted sweets of

amorous meditation, till the time of the family's rising.

The ground being somewhat damp, and as she had been there the day before, I could trace her pretty footsteps all the way, both backward and forward; and making a compass round the park, I arrived at a bower, or arbour, of poplar, beech, and willow trees, situated on a sloping bank, hard by a spacious sheet of water. Here, as she had often told me, she was wont, when a little girl, to spend most of her summer evenings, in watching the fish sport and make merry in the pool; the lambs and deer frisk and play along the borders of it; the birds build their nests, and gather food for their young; the industrious farmers, her uncle's tenants, make an end of their day's labour; the lowing cows driven from the pasturage to be milked; and, in short, every thing that was acceptable and gratifying to innocence and a youthful fancy.

Having seated myself upon a bench within the arbour, I fixed my eyes steadfastly upon the lake, and fell into the pleasantest and most agreeable thoughts imaginable. Olivia appeared before me with all her accustomed brightness and grace. I made love to her in a thousand ways ; but not one of them was out of the district of reverence and honour. No, no, my good reader ; I was as chaste, in that particular, as the purest flake of snow. Indeed, if I had been otherwise, I should have been too despicable a rogue to live. She had a languishment in her eye that invited, 'tis true ; but under that languishment, there was a fire and dignity that would have deterred the most rude and licentious wretch not only from sully-ing her, or offering her harm, either in thought, word, or deed, but also have awed him into the strictest veneration and respect.

When the sun had got high enough above the horizon to look me full in the

face, and threaten the dews with hasty demolition, my imagination was in its utmost gladness and fervor.

Notwithstanding the meadows and trees had worn out their pleasing summer-dresses, and stood sickening under the lash of the bleak lord and his myrmidons, I thought it was the finest morning I had ever witnessed. My love's winning tongue and person, her modest carriage, humility, and benevolence, (I say benevolence, reader; for, to tell thee what thou art yet a stranger to, instead of laying out her private pocket-money in dress and gew-gaw; she relieved and assisted several poor families in the neighbourhood with it, and supported one entirely) her beauty, virtues, good sense, and amiable actions, I say, thronged so fast into my mind, that I was completely lost in love, wonder, and delight. Nay, if I had had pen, ink, and paper, within my reach, 'tis more than probable I should have tried my hand at a poetical *eulogium*.



The sun acquainting me, that I had indulged in my reverie quite long enough, I arose from the bench, and quitting the naked arbour with a sigh, made the best of my way back to the house.

Just as I entered the hall, the divine object on whom all my thoughts had been employed, came tripping down stairs ; and observing me, she waited at the bottom, till I had got up to her, and, with her usual affability and kindness, wished me a good morning. Having returned her salutation, I told her, in as brisk a manner as I could, that I had been getting an appetite for my breakfast in her favourite retreat ; at which, she dropped her eyes upon the floor, and coloured.

Love is as forward in drawing pleasant inferences from trifles, as in its fears, jealousies, and distrusts. Certain it is, that I felt almost as much joy and satisfaction at this sudden change in her aspect, as if she had promised me a full

return of passion. What withheld me from making up for my former failure, by confessing my crime, and beseeching her pity? Nothing. The house was still and hush; not a soul near to observe or interrupt me; the term of my visit well-nigh at an end; my heart warm, eager, and passionate, and more courageous than it had ever been since its captivity. In short, Fate, Venus, and her unlucky Son, seemed to conspire,—and, backed by the aforesaid considerations, bid me make sure of the present opportunity. I immediately took them at their word; and without deliberating whether I might not bring an old house upon my head, (for what is caution, prudence, or reason, to a red-hot lover?) I caught gently hold of her hand; and falling upon my knees before her; “Oh, madam!” said I; “if the presumption I am now, and have before been guilty of, should occasion you to punish my unworthiness with your displeasure, life would no longer be regarded by me as a blessing, but as a burthen too

heavy and grievous to be endured. I am an unfortunate gentleman,—with few friends, and of trifling desert. Love is my capital *crime*; for which, though I am perfectly hardened in it, I now implore your mercy. I should have had a stubborn soul, indeed, if I could have lived, for all these weeks, in the same house with so much worth, and have been insensible to it. Oh, madam! if you could look into my heart, you would find that my affection for you proceeds not from any frivolous caprice, but from the chaste principles of reverence and honour.”

I had no sooner pronounced these words, than I heard bustling footsteps in my rear.

Olivia, with a look full of consternation, snatched her trembling hand hastily from me, and retreated up stairs.

I jumped up from my praying posture as quick as possible; but before I could

turn about, to see whom I was obliged to for this unlooked-for and unseasonable interruption, I received a lusty clap athwart my shoulders ; and, to my unutterable disturbance and surprise, discovered the bestower of it to be the hot-brained 'squire..

With a hard-favoured grin, and eyes darting out inexorable vengeance, he cried—"What, man ! wast thou making love to my Livy ?"

I cannot, my good reader, give thee a better picture of my confusion, than by referring thee to the countenance of a green rogue, when he is first led to the Bar of Justice ; for, I am sure, if I looked as sheepish and disorderly as I felt, I must have resembled such a gentleman very strongly. Confounded as I was, however, I made a shift to collect spirit enough to *answer* him with—"You are merry, sir!"

"Merry, sir !" echoed he, almost ready-

to spit in my face ; “ No, sir,—I am not merry, sir ! I am very sad, sir ! and if you say I’m merry again, sir, I’ll break your head for you, sir ! ”

By way of codicil, or finishing stroke, he followed up these waspish words with a very uncivil appellation,—an appellation that was out of all character. Not to mince the matter, or give it the reader in a finer dress than I received it, he called me a vagrant rascal.

Pricked to the very marrow, (for, though I was satisfied that I was not much better than a vagrant, I could not think or conceive what I had done to deserve the coarse name of rascal) I took heart, and retorted somewhat home upon him. My impertinence, as he pleased to call it, threw his blood into the most furious ebullition of anger conceivable ; and he reassaulted me with his tongue, which was high-seasoned with ribaldry, very strenuously.

I had always a kind of maggot in my temper, which was never unwilling that I should lend an ear to, and endeavour to profit by, the quiet remonstrances of a cool and reasonable man, but the noise and bluster of a choleric bully was quite intolerable to it.

Pride and vexation standing my friends, I did not let him lose any thing by me, but shot back his mobbish bullets with equal readiness and good-will.

Frothing at the mouth with malicious rage, he ejaculated a heavy imprecation, and went, in haste, towards the kitchen. And before my mind had struck out one simple thought, I found myself surrounded by all the male-servants in the house ; who, without the prefatory courtesy of—  
“ Allow us, sir !” tripped up my heels in a trice ; carried me, in despite of my struggles to deliver myself, up stairs upon their backs ; threw me, head foremost, into an old lumber-room, and locked the door upon me.

The very first thing that met my eye, was an old friend that I had missed for several weeks, and of which no one could give me any account. I say of which, reader ;—but, without more words, it was my faithful crabstick, the present of the worthy veteran. I did not stand upon form, but elaimed acquaintance with it immediately ; grasped eagerly hold of it ; and, in the first heat of my passion, laid about me, for all a homespun voice threatened me, through the key-hole, that if I did not behave myself decently, I should be thrown out of the window, so stoutly with it, that I broke every thing in the room into shivers.

That piece of furniture which felt the leading strokes of my fury, was a handsome swing-looking-glass, perfect in every part but the frame. Having knocked it almost into dust, I fell upon two large family-pictures, and shewed them little better usage ; and, afterwards, paid my compliments to a regiment of mahogany-

chairs, and demolished them to a leg. In short, I did all the mischief I could ; and then, being tired and out of breath with my work, (for I had had a tough job on't) I flung myself prostrate on the ground, and had immediate recourse to tears ; which dropped from my eyes in such plentiful showers, that my heart, with respect to anger, was soon set at ease.

While I lay in this posture, revolving, with calm reason, on my own hard hap, and the uneasiness I must have caused her whom I doted upon to the highest pitch of madness, methought I heard a female voice in the room underneath me. I heightened with the firmest attention, which was not ill rewarded ; for, in a little time, there ascended the most pitiable sob that can be conceived. Roused by the sound, (for from whom could it issue but the matchless Olivia ?) I sprang sharply upon my feet, and began to turn over, in a very diligent way, the fragments of the goods I had so deftly destroyed, to see if



I could meet with any thing that would enable me to get a sight of her ; but, to my inexpressible mortification, my search proved vain.

I stood, throwing my eyes from one side of the room to t'other, in the most stupid perplexity ; and my mind was just upon the point of bursting out into its old flame, when I suddenly discovered a small aperture in the floor. I did not waste time, but applied myself to it forthwith ; and saw——what ? why, the fairest and the worthiest creature in the world, overwhelmed with affliction. She was sat with her hands folded in each other ; and her streaming eyes were steadfastly rivetted to the ground. Her maid and confidant was beside her, doing every thing in her power to cheer her ; but she appeared wholly incapable of admitting comfort. Every sigh she breathed, I returned with pure and unfeigned sadness. She, at length, heard the echo, arose quickly from her seat, and lifting up her head,

soon descried the crevice through which I was peeping.

A melancholy and solemn smile instantly broke forth from her eyes, and diffused itself over all her countenance. She ran, without delay, to a large elbow-chair, drew it forward, and placing it directly under me, stepped briskly upon the seat of it; not like an unchary romp or frolic, but a modest lady in distress. How compassionate, how condescending was the action! What a consolatory sight to a hard-pressed lover!

If my pen were as capable of doing as much justice to nature as the inimitable Shakespeare's, I might possibly endeavour at a description of that delight which flows from two of the noblest passions that spring in the human heart; namely, love and gratitude; (for such was the delight I felt, on witnessing her alacrity in running for, and climbing upon the chair) but, as I do not wish to be thought a greater con-

*juror* than heaven hath made me, I shall not give myself any *sublime airs* about, or meddle with, any thing of the kind. I cannot omit saying, however, that I accounted myself the happiest creature, in spite of my being so closely caged, under the vaulted firmament.

I uttered, through the blessed crevice, all that passion could invent ; and Olivia, in answer, conveyed pity and consolation to me in the tenderest words imaginable.

Thus did we wanton in stolen discourse for more than half an hour ; when, the squire thundering from the bottom of the stairs for her to come down to breakfast, we were forced to take an abrupt leave of one another.

Never was doting lover so mad with rapture as I was. I hugged myself, and kissed the cold dusty boards, incessantly, for a good long space ; and when I had committed a great many other extra-

gances, I got upon my legs ; and piling up some of the broken furniture by the window, made it stand proxy for a chair.

My soul, having joy and tranquillity for its principal directors, now gave a loose to a thousand promising reflections ; and I was so much interested and pleased with that relating to the chink in the floor, together with what had taken place at it, that I could not help turning my memory to those four beautiful lines in Ovid's fourth Metamorphosis :

*Quid non sentit amor ?*

—— *Illam primi vidistis, amantes,*

*Et vocis fecistis iter ; tutæque per illud*

*Murmure blanditiæ minimo transire solebant.*

## CHAP. X.

*Opening with the Wisdom of Solomon,  
and ending with a flight not less jeopar-  
dous than that of a ruined Army, with  
the Enemy at their heels.*

**H**E that hath government enough over himself not to suffer the sense of an injury, &c.; to heat his blood into violence; that is to say, he that can keep anger or revenge from transgressing the limits of reason, hath a great deal more to value himself upon, than the man who lets them have their own way. A warm spirit that has prudence for its captain, seldom or never disgraces its owner: whereas, if it be permitted to follow its own discretion, it not only leads him into a thousand inexcusable errors, but frequently pushes him to all the brainless tricks of a furious madman. How very ridiculous it looks for a hale, sober-faced gentleman to throw himself into a fume, because another

cracks a harmless jest upon him, or tells him, in the discussing of an argument, that he does not say right ! But with what satisfaction do the wise regard that man whose patience the impertinent thwartings of a dogmatical caviller, the surgy threats and oaths of a frontless ribald, and the currish bites of a froward cynic, are unable to shake from its good order and stability. It must be owned, however, that it would be carrying patience to an extravagant length, were a man to let another pull him by the nose, spit in his face, or put any other such paltry indignity upon him, without resentment. He would be laughed at, and deservedly too; for a tame, pitiful coward : and though timorousness be, for the most part, born with a person, and consequently seldom to be got rid of, every one would avoid him, as a nuisance.

I am led into these thoughts on account of Mr. Ainsworth's whimsical wrath towards me, and because I myself am of a

temper by far too hasty. I wish my hot-headed countrymen would take it from me, as an infallible truth, or received opinion, that passion hurts no one so much as the venter of it; and I am persuaded, that if they would rein, or try to rein it, with what reason they are masters of, they would find themselves more earnestly liked by their friends, their own hearts, and society in general. For my own part, I have come into a resolution, that I will, for the future, fret and anger myself about nothing, until I have turned it over in my mind with caution; and I am mistaken if I shall not, by this procedure, have reason to think myself, five years hence, a much better man than I am at present.

After this short speculation, for which, if I have offended any of my *fiery* readers by it, I most heartily crave pardon, I shall drive forward on my route, with all possible speed.

When I had sat on my crazy chair,

enjoying the humour which the reader left me in at the end of the last chapter, for upwards of an hour, I took it into my head to get upon my legs again: and as I walked about the room, wondering in what this rude and unlicenced tyranny of the 'squire would end, my belly suddenly interrupted me, and out of pure goodwill, forsooth, put me in mind of breakfast. But it might as well have been quiet; for hour after hour crept away, and nobody came near me. I made application, almost every moment, to the crevice; but in that too was I balked. At dinner-hour, I could hear the servants bustling hard about the house, together with an incessant clatter of plates, and whetting of knives; and what was still more galling, a tempting and delicious savour of roasted meats found its way into the room, and flying up to my nose, mocked, and made waggish sport of my condition. Hunger, a troublesome guest, laid his wants before me in earnest; and in proportion as the sun posted away to the



lap of *Thetis*, he became more urgent. I could not, now, help thinking my case desperate ; for, besides the emptiness of my stomach, I was quite stiff and benumbed with cold. Indeed, it appeared to me more plain than the clearest demonstration in *Euclid*, that the arbitrary 'squire had resolved, in his headlong vengeance, to starve me to death.

A little before twilight, and at the very crisis that I was weighing in my mind which would be the best and safest way for me to burst open the door, (for I took it to be more fit policy to risque what life I had in me in defence of my freedom, than quietly submit to the hard fate of perishing for want) I heard light footsteps in Miss Ainsworth's dressing-room ; and before I could get to my peep-hole, a letter was thrust suddenly through it. Full of surprise and impatient hope, I gathered it up in a moment, ran sharply to the window, tore it open, and with a beating heart, read as follows :

“ If pity, which is all I have to offer in  
“ acknowledgment of the infinite obliga-  
“ tions I am under to you, can soften, in  
“ the least, the severity of that grief  
“ which the injustice of my uncle and so  
“ long a confinement must naturally have  
“ thrown you into, be assured you have it  
“ from me, in the tenderest shape that my  
“ sex is capable of. At the thoughts of  
“ your wrongs, I am covered with shame.  
“ What with the cold, the agitation of  
“ your mind, and the length of time you  
“ have fasted, I am sure Nature must be  
“ almost exhausted. It grieves me, beyond  
“ conception, that I have not the power  
“ wherewith to liberate or relieve you.  
“ My uncle, when he fancies himself in-  
“ jured, lets his revenge hurry him to an  
“ exorbitancy that blots the name of chris-  
“ tian. Reluctantly I pass this reflection  
“ upon the man who loves me with more  
“ than fatherly warmth ; but what my  
“ maid has just now apprized me of, moves  
“ me to an indignation which I never be-  
“ fore felt. I could not, indeed, have

“ conceived that he was so blind to reason  
“ and compassion. I hardly know how  
“ to break so cruel a piece of news to  
“ you. But it will be impossible for you  
“ to receive more pain and uneasiness by  
“ it, than I shall feel in the relating of it.  
“ Know, then, sir, that my too passionate  
“ uncle is now, and has been for more  
“ than an hour, closeted up with a sea-  
“ faring man, who, by the influence of a  
“ large pecuniary offer, has agreed to  
“ execute the measures he has planned  
“ against you ; namely, of immediately  
“ transporting you, *per* force—I tremble  
“ to write it—into a foreign country. My  
“ maid, suspecting some evil design, lis-  
“ tened at the door of the room in which  
“ they are conferring ; and having ga-  
“ thered the heads of the conspiracy, she  
“ has this moment laid them before me.  
“ The poor honest creature is almost  
“ heart-broken about you. Midnight is  
“ fixed upon for the time of your seizure.  
“ Providence, my good wishes, and your  
“ own activity, are the only friends you.

“ have to depend upon. God knows how  
“ forward my heart is to serve you ; but I  
“ am closely watched by the servants ;  
“ and am even afraid of being obtruded  
“ upon before I have written another line.  
“ If you escape the intended violence,  
“ (which heaven grant you may) suppress,  
“ I entreat you, your just resentment,  
“ and forget, if possible, the distressed

OLIVIA.

“ P. S. Though I love, honour, and  
“ reverence my uncle with the utmost sin-  
“ cerity, he shall never make me so un-  
“ grateful, as to erase from my thoughts  
“ the memory of one whom I esteem the  
“ saviour of my life.—N. B. For hea-  
“ ven’s sake take care of the watchman  
“ and dogs.”

This billet, notwithstanding the bad tidings it contained, gave me, as it were, a fresh supply of life. I dwelt upon several passages in it with a satisfaction that the most forcible and expressive language

would but poorly describe, and the quickest imagination as poorly conceive. But Night, before I was rightly aware of her approach, broke in upon me, like a ferret upon the unsuspecting cony ; and shaking her dusky pinions in my face, made me turn my thoughts to the study of something else ; I mean, my own preservation.

The first thing I did was to open the window, in order to see whether it would be possible for me to escape that way ; but, to my great vexation, I found (for, I must own, I had taken no notice of any thing before) that it was fortified with three formidable stanchions, through none of the intervals of which I could get my head. This was an obstacle that I little dreamed of ; but I was desperate, and instantly resolved to make a strenuous effort to remove it. Summoning all the strength of my body, I seized hold of the middle bar, which I felt was covered with a thick coat of rust. It was impossible that such a discovery as this could fail to

give me hopes ; for I was not so great a blockhead as not to be sensible, that the more cankered any kind of metal was, the more easily it might be broken. I fixed my right foot against the wall, ground my teeth, and tugged most heartily. The bar, in a few seconds, became loose ; upon which, I renewed my exertions ; and after several minutes' hard work, (the hardest, indeed, that I ever had in my life) I tore it completely away.

As soon as I had recovered my breath, I looked out of the window, and made the best use of my eyes I could. It was now growing very dark ; but it was not so dark but that I could see the tops of the out-houses, and also into the court-yard ; where, after some earnest watching, I perceived three figures that frightened away all my confidence, and courage to boot. These were no greater or less personages than the house-watchman and his two quadrupede companions : for, note, the 'squire was so fearful of being annoyed

with freebooters, that night no sooner appeared, than he put them on sentry: and this farce, as I have before mentioned, was acted all the year round.

It is said, that fear will make a man perform, what in his cool moments is totally above his ability. I believe there is great truth in the remark; but I must confess, that my procedure at this juncture added but a little to the strength of it. A cold clammy sweat distilled from my forehead, and fell, in big drops, down my face: my knees assaulted each other with a violence that I little expected from two such friends: my mouth was parched and hot: in short, my cowardice was intolerable. I kept my post at the window, 'tis true; but it was necessity that compelled me to do so, else I should have retreated to the other end of the room without beat of drum. The fact was, my legs rebelled against me, and told me, in plain English, that they would not carry me.

The watchman, who had a large stable-lanthorn in one hand, and a thick cudgel in the other, patrolled the yard, with the dogs at his heels, for about ten minutes, and then went into his box; which stood against the scullion's kitchen; and that was directly under the window of my prison-house.

When I had got somewhat better of my panic, I began to reflect on Mr. Ainsworth's intended revenge, and the great hazard I should run, if I staid where I was much longer. These thoughts had enough of the nettle in them to incite me to immediate action. The distance from the window to the top of the kitchen appeared to be about two yards. Having secured my crabstick, I sharply squeeze through the interval of the two remaining stanchions, and jumped down at a venture. As I had a pair of slender shoes on, I made little or no noise in alighting; and for all I dropped upon the ridge, I maintained my footing extraordinarily



well. But my fears were still very great ; and the notion that I should be discovered before I reached the ground, kept them so.

I did not attempt to stir from the place where I then stood until I had looked about me a little, and deliberated with myself what way would be the most practicable for me to get out of my present taking, without being seen, or breaking my neck. At length, I determined to walk to the corner opposite to that where the watch-cote stood ; for that seemed to be the most likely way to gain the ground, without injuring my own carcass, or disturbing the wakeful *triumvirate*. In seven or eight strides, which I made with a wariness that was blended with dismay, I came right opposite to the watch-box.

It sometimes happens, that an over-caution is as bad in effect as great carelessness. I was so much afraid of making a noise, and so very mindful how I trod, that before I had moved three paces far-

ther, my foot suddenly slipped. I tried all I could to recover my legs, but, unhappily for me, the slates were covered over with a green slime. I presently fell upon my back, and slid down upon the top of the cote, with a vengeance. As it was made of slight materials, had been a long time in service, and sorely pelted by the winter-storms, my weight was too much for it to bear. The roof fell in without giving warning; and I came upon the poor watchman so unexpectedly, and in such a rough manner, that he roared lustily.

If I had had any presence of mind, I believe I might have made off without much difficulty: but it is my misfortune, to be always in the rear, when any thing like my own interest is concerned. Advantages slipped in private affairs, as well as in war, are never recovered.

The fellow's surprise and terror soon gave place to his natural sturdiness and

courage ; and without asking any questions, he collared me ; and I, out of fright and vexation, caught him by the throat. A brisk scuffle consequently took place, which brought us both, head foremost, out of the box. The two bull-dogs, by great good-luck, knew me ; for I had often fed them, and taken them out into the fields with me. They either thought we were in jest, or did not choose to meddle in the business ; for they sat looking at us with the utmost composure, and seemed to like the sport. From wrestling we went to cudgelling ; and my fears, in proportion as I got heated with the fray, fell back and fled, and passion and his furious retinue, stepped in their place. The watchman seemed to know what he was about perfectly well ; for my shoulders ached sorely with the blows he let fall upon them : and I retorted upon his pate in such a free-hearted manner, that he sharply acknowledged my kindness, by tumbling upon the ground. I was going to make a precipitate retreat, but he laid

hold of one of my legs, and griped it so manfully, that I had like to have bellowed. The fellow, if he had not been a fool, might have made sure of me at once, by hollowing out for assistance: but the plain truth of the matter was, he wanted to have the whole honour of taking me upon his own trencher; and so, by this over-greediness, he lost all.

Cooling a little of my rage, I thought it would be as well to get away, if possible, by fair means. For this reason, I put my hand into my fob, took out a guinea, and gave it him; but the unconscionable rogue wanted more: so I lent him a smart rap upon the knuckles with my stick, which made him quit his hold in a twinkling, fairly mastered him, took the guinea from him, and gave him a good drubbing into the bargain. I did not stay to crow, but immediately took to my heels; and the dogs, who, I believe, now *saw* that there was no joke in the business, ran sharply after me, barking and howling:

most savagely. But I was too nimble for them; for I flew across the court-yard like lightning, sprang, at one bound, upon the great wall, and was over on the other side in a trice. Without making a moment's stand to consider what measures would be best for me to take, I ran, as hard as my legs could carry me, into the highroad.

## CHAP. XI.

*Another hair-breadth Escape.*

**I** HAD no sooner got there, than I stopped, for the purpose of recovering my breath: but my halt was very short; for on looking back to the hall, I saw a number of lights whisking, in a confused manner, about the different apartments. Prudence instantly suggested to me, that the best *step* I could now take, would be to *step* onward, and not let the grass grow under my feet: pursuant to which notice, I faced about; and after breathing a sigh for the gentle Olivia, pushed forward towards Barnet.

I had not walked more than three quarters of a mile, when I heard a quick trampling of horses' feet behind me. Upon this, I mended my pace; for I took it into my head that I was pursued: and I was very right in my conjectures. The horses,

which were going at a good round gallop, were, indeed, the property of Mr. Ainsworth, and mounted by two of his grooms. I never in my life made a better use of my legs, than I did at this time : but the speed of the horses was too much for me. They soon got within musket-shot of me ; and then I saw that I was running to no purpose ; that is to say, that if I did not immediately strike out of the road, I should be overtaken.

Seeing a stack of furze in a field on my right hand, I made directly to it, over a thick and lofty hedge, from the prickles of which I received a good deal of abuse and ill usage ; and I had no sooner got behind it, than my pursuers galloped sharply by. They did not ride abreast, but were at some distance from each other : and I could hear the last man bawl after the first to halt, which he presently did ; and they both came back upon the trot. To my no small disquiet and surprise, when they had got opposite to the stack, they

checked their horses and stopped; and without much form, order, or regularity, fell into a dialogue that my ears had no sort of appetite for.

"I tell you what, Tom," cried one of the fellows; "this here rick of what-d'ye-call-it seems a devilish likely place for the vagrum rascal, as master calls him, to be in. By the lord Harry, I think we should do well, d'ye see, if we was to beat about it." "Foh! what a notion that is!" cried Tom; "D'ye think the son of a w—e is such a thick-pated rogue, as to hide himself behind a thing like that? Besides, it's quite unpossable that he could have got as far as this, since he broke poor Joe's head." "Poor Joe, indeed!—ha, ha, ha!" cried the other; "You make me laugh, when you call him poor Joe! The dunce deserves what he has got, for letting such a smooth-skinned hobble-de-hoy have the better of him." "Why, as for that matter," cried Tom; "the young fellow has a passable parson; and it's likely enough



that he'd have licked either you or me just the same, if we had been in Joe's place." "Licked me, would he?" cried the other, giving full scope to his voice; "Look you, Master Thomas! I'd just have taken the piperly shrimp between my finger and thumb, and put him into my coat-pocket. Licked me, indeed! D—n me, Master Thomas, you'd no call to say that!" "Well, well, that's neither here nor there!" cried Tom; "I a'n't going to fall out about such things as those. If you mean to sarch the stack, sarch it—and be d—n'd; but I wont stir a peg to do't, because, I know, its all fudge. He's no more there than the Pope of Rome is." "That may be:" cried the other; "but how shall we be able to tell a straight-forward tale to master, without we make some kind of sarch?" "Leave that to me:" cried Tom; "I can tell a tale without any turnings in it, never fear. But if so be that I should make a crooked story of it, it would go never the worse with you, Master would only think I had a

thickish scull of my own." "Yes:" cried the other, archly; "and if he didn't break that thickish scull of your own for you, I would chalk it down for a wonder." "All's well that ends well, as the saying is:" cried Tom; "and if I get a broken pate, it will not be the first time of asking, Master John: so let us c'en go quietly home; for flying about the lanes in this way is all moonshine." "Body o' me!" cried John; "but it would not be moonshine, if we could spring our game. I would make him an ounce and a half heavier in the tail, I promise you." "You wouldn't fire upon the poor devil, surely:" cried the other. "The devil I wouldn't!" cried John; "What! d'ye think I put pellets in my pistol for nothing? Besides, I owe him a grudge. If you must know, I caught him, t'other day clipping Margery: not that I am jealous, Master Thomas: no, no; I should be sorry to be jealous of such a waterwagtail as he; but then, you know, honour is honour, Master Thomas." "And if you was to see him

now," cried Tom ; " you would shoot at him ?" " Ay, marry would I, if my flint didn't turn stupid on my hands:" cried the other. " Suppose you killed him:" cried Tom. " Why, then I should think myself a confounded good shot:" cried the other. " You would swing for it ;" cried Tom ; " because I have heard my last master, who was a bannister at law, say, that if a man killed another man, and there was *malice and three-pence* proved against him, he was guilty of murder, and would be hanged without benefit of clergymen. You say, you owe this whoreson a grudge: that grudge is what the lawyers call *malice and three-pence*; *argo*, if you killed him, you would be guilty of murder; and if you wasn't hanged, God bless the long heads of the jury." " Harkee, Master Thomas!" cried the other; " When you talk about *malice*, you are right; but if you say he lent me *three-pence*, you tell a d—n'd lie. I never had a farthing from him in my life; I would swear it upon a bible. How the deuce then could both

*malice and three-pence* be proved against me?" "Hu, hu, hu!" chuckled Tom; "it is a law-term, man! you don't smell the *insignificance* of it: but if you had lived with a counsellor, as I have done, you'd know what was what."

"John, instead of making a direct reply to this, fell upon the whole brotherhood of lawyers, and bespattered them with such dirty language, that my ears fairly tingled. By the bye, I have often remarked, that a violent abuser of those honourable gentlemen, is the heaviest of blockheads, and the most perfect of knaves; and I never knew a wise man who, though he had suffered much by chicanery and quibbles, did not give them a good word. Dulness and roguery commonly go hand in hand; and true wisdom and integrity are always inseparable from each other.

The fellow had no sooner finished his invectives, than his companion proposed

a march; but John, who had plenty of the spirit of obstinacy in him, swore he would not go till he had searched the stack; for that he had a shrewd suspicion the run-away whore-monger (so he called me) was behind it.

I was now in a terrible pickle; indeed, no words can describe my distress: for I knew, that if I quitted concealment, and made off, I should run the risque of being handsomely peppered in my hind-quarters; and I also knew, that if I staid where I was, I was sure to be taken.

Hesitation is the murderer of good and the executioner of bad purposes; but whether a purpose is good or bad until it be executed is the question. Prudence or imprudence depends upon the event. It is success or miscarriage which gives character to actions, and applause and disapprobation are their respective ladies in waiting. It is this consideration which gives a pause to enterprize, represses

energy, and hangs upon execution. The merit of the means is measured by the consequence, and consequently is fortuitous. He who has something to lose, as well as to win, will be cautious, and by his caution, may lose an opportunity of winning, or miss an opportunity of losing. He who has nothing to lose, but all to win, dashes at hazard: he loses without being a sufferer by the loss, or he wins without a stake: he gives the lie to the adage—*res nihilo nil fit*, and becomes a creator.

Certain it is, however, that by hesitating whether I should take to flight, or keep my station, I did myself no injury: for Tom, failing in his attempts to reason his fellow-servant out of his stubborn determination, and not liking, perhaps, to be kept out in the cold, fell a bantering him; and he seasoned his ridicule with so much good-humour, that the man was, at last, shook from his purpose, and acknowledged that it was a very foolish one.

Tom, rejoiced at the victory he had obtained, gave his whip a huge crack and mimicked the musical halloo of a huntsman. This done, they both clapped spurs to their horses, and rode off.

I remained in my hiding-place till they were quite out of hearing, and then ventured out. With much ado, I got over the hedge again, into the lane; and though I was ready to sink upon the earth with hunger and fatigue, I set out at a good quick pace; and in half an hour's time, arrived at the town of Barnet.

## CHAP. XII.

*Overspread with Food which the minds  
of some Readers will eat heartily of.*

**T**HE first public house I saw, I made a sudden entrance into ; and seating myself by a good fire in the tap-room, called for some cheese and bread, and a tankard of ale. The person whom I spoke to, was a girl about eighteen, who, instead of running directly for what I had ordered, gave her head an affected toss, and placed herself, very orderly, in a chair. Before I had time to repeat my demand, she was upon her legs again, and throwing an odd kind of look at me, tittered to herself, and went out of the room, with an awkward scuttle. This was as jadish a trick as I had ever seen ; but my mind being too full of business to pay much regard to trifles, I did not chew the cud upon it.

Having waited several minutes, with-



out the things I had asked for making their appearance, I gave the bell a furious pull ; and the clangor of it had scarcely ceased, when a tall rawboned woman presented herself before me. Without ceremony or preface, she asked me, in an Irish twang, if I thought they had no ears in the house, by ringing in such a mad-brained manner ? I returned for answer, that I had spoken once for what I wanted, but, I supposed, the girl had a bad memory.

“ Girl, d’ye call her ?” cried she, in a kind of half-passion ; “ By the holy Mass, she’s as good a lady as you, or your mother before you ! Girl, too,—and the devil go wid it ! On my shoul, if my dear husband had been in the land of the living, and had hard you say dat dirty word, he’d have draw’d your teeth for you, and so he would.”

Vexed at the delay which her impertinence occasioned, for my hunger was past

all bearing, I replied to her with a crusty pish ! which sharply drew a response from her.

“ Ay, you may say dat, honey !” cried she ; “ but if you say it anoder time, I’ll hit you a great clout in your ugly mouth, which shall send you into the fire.”

From this bad beginning, I fancied, if I did not quickly shift my quarters, we should have a worse ending ; so, without waiting for any more promises of reward, or wishing her good b’ye, I brushed out of the house, and went into another hard by, where I met with as much civility and good cheer, as I had occasion for.

On making my demand, the landlady, whose person and manner of speaking were not of the ordinary stamp, told me, that she was very sorry she had no cheese in the house, but that she had a nice piece of cold beef, which, if I thought proper, she would bring in its stead. To this I

readily gave my assent; and the meat, accompanied with a brimming tankard of fine ale, was soon under my authority.

Though I well knew, that hard eating, after long fasting, was often dangerous, yet I was foolish enough to let my appetite have its own way. As the quick-eyed falcon swoops upon its quarry, so fell I upon the beef; and when I had made an end of my work, its weight and appearance were not a little diminished.

While I sat over the tankard of beer, my mind was far from being idle. I meditated on my Olivia's letter with ineffable delight; but that part of it wherein she apprized me of her uncle's malicious purpose, kindled within me a spark of indignation, which, when I considered his inveteracy in sending two of his servants in pursuit of me, spread, like wildfire, through my heart, and lorded, for a moment, over its softer sensations: and the gloomy and unpromising prospect I had

before me, added not a little to my chagrin.

I was now within a short stage of the great harbour in which I designed to cast anchor; was friendless; had no large stock of money; and what was worse, was over head and ears in love. I say worse, reader; because I think there is nothing in the world that more disqualifies a man for the trying of his fortune, than that passion, when the improbability of obtaining the object of it, in a fair way, is manifestly great, as in my case.

I pleased and fretted myself, alternately, with sweet and bitter cogitations, till the room was filled with company of both sexes; and then it occurred to me, that 'twas high time to make a march: for, though the night was as dark and winterly as it could possibly be, I was fully bent upon proceeding.

When I had drank off the residue of

the ale, and was rising from my seat to depart, a well-dressed young fellow came over the room, and accosted me after a very familiar manner.

"God bless my soul, Mr. Ranger!" cried he; "what has brought you in this part of the world? I hope you are well, sir; and I also hope that you left all good friends in Lincoln well."

This address, short as it was, had not leaped over the hedge-stakes of his mouth, when I recollected him to be Mr. Prosody's barber's apprentice, who had run away from his master about three years before that time.

"Ha, Tartarus!" said I, (for that was the name which Dick Lash and I were wont to give him, on account of his wag-gishness) "I am glad to see you." "And I am sure, Mr. Ranger," cried he, shaking me by the hand; "I am heartily glad to see you.—Pray, how fares old Wigsby?"

“If you mean Mr. Prosody, Tartarus,” cried I, somewhat seriously; “he was in tolerable health, when I saw him last.”

The poor lad blushed at the first part of this answer, which he perhaps thought had something of the reproof in it; but recovering himself, he asked me if I would take a glass with him in a private room, as he had something to say to me about a *certain lady*. He spoke the two last words so emphatically, and gave me, at the same time, such a significant look, that I was thrown into the strangest agitation imaginable: my heart beat pit-a-pat; and I followed him, without speaking a word, into the adjoining room; where we had no sooner taken our seats, than he began to tell me a round-about story touching the turmoils and distresses which he had gone through, since he left Lincoln; and concluded with saying, that he had, at last, after much sweating and toiling, arrived at the rank of journeyman-barber, in the flourishing and abundant town of

Barnet ; so he called it. I heard him to an end with a deal of patience, expecting, every moment, to know what this something about the *certain lady* was : but Tartarus dwelt so long upon his own troubles, that he forgot every thing else, and finished without making me a whit the wiser for my attention. I confess, I was a little provoked at his impertinence, when, by his concluding, I knew it to be such ; but, straining a laugh, I told him, I was greatly obliged to him for the very ample account he had been at the pains of giving me about the *certain lady*. The poor barber, who had no gust for raillery, looked very sheepishly at me, and sputtered out—" I beg you ten thousand pardons, Mr. Ranger!—Indeed, I have a cruel memory—a most treacherous memory ; but—I assure you——." " Well, well," said I, interrupting him ; " make no excuses ; but proceed to business as fast as you can."

Having called himself a jolterhead, he

leaned his elbows upon the table, and looking me full in the face, spoke to this effect:

“You must know, sir, the last time I was in London—I believe it is about three-quarters of a year ago—I went one night to Covent-Garden-theatre; and who should I see there, perched in one of the upper boxes, but Miss Jenny Philips. Heaven defend us! said I to myself, what sort of witchcraft is this? What a change of condition is here! Faith, sir, I could not believe my own eyes; and well I might not: for ’twas very odd to see a servant-wench, whose face I had often smutted, bedizened with lace and trinkets. She had soon a swarm of sparkish fellows about her, who seemed to make free enough with her; and I could see her, every now and then, simper to herself. I don’t know what was the matter with me, sir, but I could not keep my eyes off her. To be sure, I had a sneaking kindness for her, when she lived at Mr. Pro-



sody's ; but she would have nothing to do with me : no, no ; a *certain person* (here he gave me a very shrewd look) filled up the first leaf in her books. Well, that will be all one a hundred years hence : but, as I was saying, I could not help staring at her. An old gentleman who sat next to me, took me to task about it, when the play was over ; for I'll be hang-ed, sir, if I paid a morsel of attention to what was going forward on the stage. Says he, 'Tis pity, master, that you could not find better diversion, than gaping at that whore of Babylon. Says I, She is no whore of Babylon, sir : (for I was not so wise in the world as I am now, and I didn't like to hear an old friend called by a name, which, I thought, she did not deserve.) Says he, that is very true ; but she is a whore of London. Says I, She is not a whore of London either, sir. You lie, you jackanapes ! says he ; she is as arrant a jade as ever entered a playhouse. I took it into my head, sir, to contradict the old fellow a third time ; but, instead

of answering me, he hit me a great box on the ear, which gave me enough of defending characters *in loco publico*. You see, sir, I have not forgot all the Latin that Master Lash and you taught me. However, sir, Miss Jenny was, indeed, a ——. I wont say the word myself, but she was what the old gentleman called her. I was then greenish in the world, sir, or else I should have smelled that all was not sweet with her, when I first twigged her. When all was over but shouting, I pushed out of the house as fast as I could, and went to the box-door, thinking that I could catch her as she came out: for I was determined to see whether she would know me; and if she knew me, whether she would own me. But she had slipped away before I got there; so I was obliged to pocket the disappointment, and go about my business. However, in a day or two after, as I was walking up Cornhill, I saw my lady flaunting on the opposite side of the street. I crossed directly over to her. Your servant, Miss Philips!

says I. She seemed quite astonished on hearing herself spoken to by name. On my conscience, sir, I never saw a person look so wild and out of order in my life. Says she, Who are you? Says I, Don't you know me, Miss Jenny? Upon this, sir, she looked at me from the crown of the head down to my latchets. At last, she remembered me. So, Tartarus! says she, in a very stiff voice, and a confounded frosty manner: So, Tartarus! is it you? Yes, says I; it is either me or my ghost. Well, I wish you a good afternoon, Tartarus; says she: I am in a hurry now—but, perhaps, I may meet you again before you leave town.—Lord have mercy upon us! says I to myself, this is a joke with a witness. But I was resolved, sir, not to part with her on such easy terms. Just as she was turning her back upon me, *you* popped into my head, sir. Stay, Miss Philips, says I; when did you see Sir Godfrey last? She knew who I meant directly, and faced about to me in a hurry. Faith, sir, your name had a surprising

effect upon her. . She changed her tune in a crack; and her countenance went as bright as a new fish-kettle. . . Dear Tartarus, says she, you must go with me home. I have a deal to say to you. Come, I will have no denial: you must and shall spend the evening with me.—Lord help me, sir! I was always of a soft pliant temper: I couldn't well refuse her; so I offered her my arm, which she accepted without any boggle at all; and away we went together, w—e and rogue.—If she had been the first lady in the land, she could not have had her house more elegantly furnished; and if I had been the first gentleman in the land, I could not have been more handsomely treated. She gave me wine and sweetmeats in abundance, and played so many pretty tunes upon the harpsicord, that I was fairly set agog: Our talk, all the evening, was about you, sir. Indeed, she hardly ever had your name out of her mouth; and praised you—mercy on us, how she praised you! We sat down to a supper that would have

made Sancho Panza lick his lips for a fortnight after; and when the clock struck eleven, I offered to take my leave: but the little bewitching baggage would not let me stir a foot. In short, sir, she persuaded me to stay all night with her, which, I own, I did; and *stood proxy* for you, sir. Before I left her in the morning, she made me promise, that I would pay her another visit the next evening: but, faith, sir, I had heard so much of the London ladies, that I was afraid of getting into the powdering-tub; so I broke my word with her: and, though I often felt inclined, I never went near her again. This is the sum total of the matter. I am sure, sir, you will pity the poor girl's imprudence.—O Lord! O Lord! what a thing it is that so fine a woman should be meat for every rotten rogue who has money to purchase it! But I hope in God she is, by this time, a better liver.”

The poor barber's transitions from gaiety to sadness, were always very sudden.

If any one told him a good roguish jest, he would laugh till he was ready to split; if, in the next breath, a mournful story, he would cry like a sucking child. To say the truth, he was a good-hearted lad; and was equally forward to sympathise with the merry and the distressed. As he uttered the three last sentences, his feelings suddenly overpowered him: the tears gushed rapidly from his eyes, and overwhelmed, in a trice, his whole visage. I confess, I had a great inclination to whimper too: for the poor fellow's grief was so honest and vehement, that I should have had a flinty heart, indeed, if I had witnessed it without being ruffled.

“My good lad,” said I, in as firm and composed a manner as I could possibly speak; “my good lad, make yourself easy. Jenny has been unfortunate, ’tis true; but she is now happy with her parents.” “God be praised! God be praised!” cried he, jumping quickly up from his seat, and clapping his hands;

“Poor girl! poor girl!—She had once an angel’s face. I hope her irregularities have not spoiled it. I do hope that, Mr. Ranger;—I do hope that.” “If they have not spoiled her mind, Tartarus,” said I; “it matters not what injury they have done to her face. Beauty is an article on the permanence of which ’tis impossible to reckon. It frequently turns musty on the hands of its owners, before they are in the least aware of its decay. The mind, if unpolluted, is as charming in its old age as in its youth; and has commonly a freshness and vigour about it, when the body is emaciated and decrepit.” “Adad! that is very true,” cried Tartarus, putting a brighter face on the subject; “Beauty is certainly not worth two-pence, compared with the mind. For my own share, I would rather spend my time with a sensible ugly woman, than with a foolish pretty one: and the calf who marries a girl only to look at and play with, deserves to be *horned* for his wisdom.”

**As this apophthegm is not without marrow, I shall here put an end to the chapter, that the reader may have leisure to turn it about in his mind.**



## CHAP. XIII.

*Which leads the Reader, in a very sudden manner, into the heat and bustle of a Country-hop, and hurries him out of it with almost as little warning.*

**A**s the sun, when met by a small scudding cloud, plays at boh-peep with his good friends below : or, as the fleet-winged marten skims behind a house or copse, and quickly soars in sight again : so, and in like manner, flew away and returned the sprightliness and good-humour of the honest peruke-maker's countenance. His enquiries about Jenny were so numerous, and withal so earnest, that it required no great fund of discernment or sagacity to perceive, that his friendship for her was above the common level. He blessed her gracious stars a thousand times, and capered about the room, every now and then, as though he had been troubled with St. Vitus's dance.

When he had gone through a variety of strange extravagances, extravagances that would have caused many a grave physician to have believed that he was not *in sana mente*, and I had tipped all the liquor that was before me, I gave him to understand, that I must wish him good night ; for that it was getting late, and I had a long walk to go. But Tartarus was too well pleased to see me, to think of parting with me so soon. *Virgil*, in his third *Georgic*, cries—*fugit irreparabile tempus* : but Tartarus told me, in plain English, that time would wait for any man, if he were in *good company*. This was a notion so graceless and out of all reasonable shape, that I could scarcely refrain from looking a little shrewd at his expence.

To make the matter short, the poor lad wished me to stay all night ; saying, that I might pursue my journey with more safety and ease in the morning ; and as an additional enticement, he told me, that

he and the party of young people whom we had left in the next room, were going to dance Christmas in. "I am positive, Mr. Ranger," cried he; "that they will be extremely glad of your company, either in the character of a dancer, or a looker-on. 'Twill be preferable to a ten-miles'-walk, surrounded with darkness, and pinched from ear to toe with a sharp searching air. We have not much of the tinsel of rank or quality about us, but, I hope, our hearts are not a jot the worse for that. We are resolved to keep it up till day-light puts the candles out of countenance; and we shall, no doubt, have a merry night on't. Come, sir,—you must promise me to partake of our pastime; and I give you my very best assurance, that I will, if you think proper, take a walk with you at day-break, and see you safe over Finchley-common."

He had scarcely spoken these words, when a fiddle struck up, in the true jerking hop-style, the tune of Sir Roger De

Coverly ; and the windows and floor over our heads began to be agitated with the heavy heels of the dancers. My companion, hearing what they were about, leaped quickly from his seat, his eyes glistening with delight, and taking me by the hand, made a sign for me to follow him. I returned it with an assenting nod ; so he tripped immediately out of the room, with both hands fixed upon his hips, and whistling in concert with the music ; flew, like a tennis-ball, with me at his heels, up stairs ; and we were both in the *ball-room* in a twinkling.

This select party consisted of twelve gay buxom girls, and about fifteen or sixteen good-looking young fellows, who were, one and all, in motion.

The musician was as perfect an original as ever I beheld, and would, I think, have been a truly fit subject for the pencil of the inimitable *Hogarth*. He was a tall, gaunt, shapeless man, about three-score,

with a pair of shoulders that stood on a parallel with his ears. His head was encrusted (if I may be allowed the term) with a lank, singy, greasy, red periwig; on each side of which hung four little bells, like those at the bottom of a child's coral. His face, which was as long and meagre as the instrument he played upon, was so drawn and puckered, and distorted in such a strange manner, that one would have thought he had been shockingly pinched with *miserere mei*, a twisting of the bowels. His eyes, which were remarkably small and watery, resembled those of a ferret. The colour of his eye-brows, which bore some analogy to two rats' tails, was a deep jet; one of them was elevated almost to the top of his forehead; the other was so much below its natural height, that it seemed to have been fastened to the eyelash. His mouth was screwed up into a very small compass, and looked like the *anus* of a hen; through the orifice of which there issued, whilst he was fiddling, a mumbling bass voice, accompanied with

a stream of tobacco-spittle. Instead of a *cravat*, or stock, his neck was encircled with a brass-collar, which held him so tight, that he looked, sometimes, as if the guttural canal had been choked up. He sat in a corner of the room, beating, or rather thumping, time with his foot; and was, in every respect, an object marvellously uncouth and ridiculous.

The first dance lasted upwards of an hour, during which, Tartarus and I sat down upon a bench together, as silent spectators, remarking the clumsiness of some heels, and the lightness and activity of other's: and it was no sooner signified, by a clapping of hands, that they had finished, than my friend began to bestir himself in handing about rum-punch and negus, and complimenting the ladies on their looks, dress, and agility. For thou must know, reader, he was what is *politely* called, *the master of the ceremonies*; and I may venture to say, that he acted and acquitted himself in this *post*, with as

much elegance, and as good a grace, as *Beau Nash*, of ever *glorious* and *distinguished* memory, or any of his *successors*, did, at an assembly of the first rate.

After the good company had quenched their thirst, and rested themselves for a few minutes, Mr. Latherthick (for such was the real name of Tartarus) called out for *Soldier's Joy*, which the comely musician, after having tuned his fiddle, began; and he handed his partner, a fresh-coloured hearty wench, (but her legs, by the bye, were of the bandy kidney) to the top of the room; and they led off the dance with surprising swiftness and grace.

The room, in a short time, grew very hot, and a ramish hogoo,\* not much un-

\* It is said, that such a *smell* arises in *town-assemblies*, as well as in *country-hops*; but I shall leave it to the judgment of the *curious* to determine; whether it be true or no; for, if I were to offer my private opinion on the business, I might possibly be on a *wrong scent*.

that arising from *roasted onions*, *fill-*  
place quite *full*. My nostrils were  
d to the last degree, and expressed  
like by curling up. My stomach  
getting so much out of humour with  
the scent, that I was obliged to drink  
pretty freely of the punch, to keep it quiet.

The second dance over, Mr. Lather-  
thick came up to me, and told me, he  
should take it as an unbounded favour, if  
I would engage a partner, and join them  
in the next ; saying, that there were several  
pretty girls in the company, if I would  
look about, any of whom would consider  
themselves as honoured by my hand. But  
I begged to be excused. To say the truth,  
I had no notion of going further into the  
stench than I could help. However, by  
the time that seven or eight dances were  
over, the punch had got into my head,  
and raised my spirits above the ordinary  
pitch ; so I was resolved to be one amongst  
them, *at all hazards*. Accordingly, I set  
about searching for a partner ; and let



my nose, and not my eyes, determine my choice. I walked backward and forward in the room, carefully smelling, *under the rose*, to every girl I passed by; and, at last, fixed upon one who appeared to be of a somewhat less goatish complexion than the rest.

This lady had a very unfortunate face, but much fault could not be found with her figure. She was straight, slender, and tall, but had a flat bosom, and her neck had too much of the crane in it. However, she pleased my fancy more than any other in the party: so I solicited her hand, which she readily gave me; and I footed several dances with her, to the no small diversion and pleasure of Mr. Latherthick.

The *ball* continued, with great spirit, till about half past three in the morning; when, the ladies being weary, and somewhat flustered, with taking too many sips of the clubbed-for *Nectar*, and the gen-

tle men half blind, by virtue of the same goodly beverage, *the master of the ceremonies* called a *grand council*; and after we had laid our sage heads together for a few moments, we came to the resolution of playing a game called—The Shy Widow. But we reckoned without our host; for the poor fiddler, who had, as well as those he played for, been very affectionate to the punch-bowl, was completely knocked up, as the phrase is; and consequently was quite incapable of strumming any longer. His violin, bow and all, dropped on a sudden out of his hand on the floor; his head fell, like lead, upon his breast; and he began to favour us with music of a different kind.

Mr. Latherthick was exasperated to no trifling degree at this; and staggering up to the old gentleman, laid hold of him by the shoulder, and shook him heartily. “Pish! you lazy old cat-gut-son of a piper!” cried he; “what the devil is all this about? Are we to pay you for no-

thing, you sleepy out-of-tune rascal? Rouse—rouse, you old sinner! and give us the Black Joke.” But these invectives were uttered to no purpose; so he again tried what shaking would do: but that was equally *fruitless*, for *Morpheus* had made him eat plenty of the *fruit* of the *Stygian Elm*. The more he shook him, the louder he snored. In short, Mr. Latherthick plainly saw, that it would be impossible to awake him; but was determined, seeing he had spoiled our sport, to break a sheer jest upon him.

The honest barber had always a deal of archness and waggery about him; and if any one vexed or did him a shrewd turn, he was sure to pay him off with interest. He was no sooner sensible, that his attempts to rouse this slumbering son of *Amphion* would be vain, than he ran, or rather reeled, down stairs, muttering, as he went, that he would be straight with the old blackguard, by and by; and soon returned, with half-a-pound of print-butter

in his hand. He made the best of his way to the fiddler again, and without any prefatory discourse, or pantomime, seized hold of his periwig, and pulled it clean off. This done, he very orderly, and with great gravity of countenance, clapped the butter upon his pate, which was as bald as the palm of one's hand, and put the wig *in statu quo*. In a little time, the butter, with the heat of his head, began to swelter and melt, and that so rapidly, that it flowed down his woful and ill-favoured countenance in thick and copious streams.

The company laughed heartily at this unlucky trick, and it tickled my fancy so much, that I thought I should have cracked my sides.

Only figure to thyself, reader, such a creature as I have described, snoring in a dead sleep, with a face as greasy as a butcher's apron; and if thou dost not laugh too, I will venture to pronounce,

that thou art either a composition of phlegmatic dulness and mock gravity, or hast too much of the pedant in thee to be susceptible of any thing that is humourous.

We enjoyed the sport for a good while; gave Mr. Latherthick as much credit as he deserved for his roguishness; and then left old *Orpheus* to take out his nap without further molestation.

We immediately fell a playing at Blind-man's buff; and kept it up, for an hour, with much mettle.

The men, by this time, were dead drunk; and some of the women were in little better condition. The scene was now shifted: Harmony shook his silken plumes and fled; and tumult, uproar, discord, and confusion succeeded him. Indeed, I never witnessed such a terrible hubbub in the whole course of my life. The men quarrelled one with another; and those

ladies that had made the most free with the liquor, grew vixenish, and fell out too.

Poor Tartarus was the most quiet person in the room ; which the reader will not wonder at, when I acquaint him, that he lay sprawling on the floor, in a state of senseless intoxication.

Every bench and chair in the place was overset ; glasses and jugs flew about like hail-shot ; in short, the *Hydra* of strife and contention seemed resolved to play the devil in the house.

As I sat, with my hand round the waist of one of the ladies, I suddenly received a great blow in the face, from the fist of a gentleman whose stature and make were of the tall robust kind, together with the compliment of—"D—n my blood, sir ! what right have you to her ?" I directly jumped upon my feet ; but before I could ask a single question, four or five fellows

more fell upon me ; and if it had not been for the interposition of some of the ladies, I believe I should have been murdered outright. As it was, I had time to get my crabstick (which, before I danced, I had secreted in one of the corners of the room) before they could possibly do me any injury. I forthwith retreated to the top of the stairs, and was followed by one of the gang, whom, though I was not very sober, I levelled to the ground ; ran sharply down ; and the landlord opening the door for me, I got out into the street, in a whole skin.

## CHAP. XIV.

*In which the Author arrives at \* Augusta  
Trinobantum, the City of all Cities.*

**W**HAT with intoxication, fear, surprise, and chagrin, I was in no very fit condition for walking ten miles before breakfast. At first, I had a great notion of trying to get a bed at some other tavern in town, and staying till *Aurora* had harnessed her steeds, yoked them in her light-diffusing chariot, taken her seat, seized the reins, and begun to gallop along the East: but, on second thoughts, I determined to make the best of my way to London. Without staying to reflect on what had befallen me in the public-house, I took the great road, and set forward at a venture.

It was now, as I supposed, about five o'clock; the sky was overshadowed with

\* An ancient name for London.



thick scudding clouds, in the intervals of which a star, every now and then, shewed its 'diminished head;' a brisk and nipping wind, accompanied with sleet, blew full in my face; in short, the morning was far from being promising.

The road on which I was travelling, I knew not a foot of; the country, hereabout, was perfectly strange to me; indeed, for aught I could tell, I might have been going the right way to Scotland.

The air hath often a surprising effect upon men who have been drinking freely. While it sobers and clears the brains of some, others become more muddled and besotted with it. In the former way did it act upon me: for by the time that I had reached the edge of a great heath, (which I then took to be, and which really was, Finchley-common) I was quite sobered.

I had heard so many terrible tales of this moor, as being a place which high-

waymen resorted to, in order to way-lay the unwary traveller, that a strange kind of panic began to creep into my heart. I looked on one side and t'other, before and behind me, as I trudged on, with the utmost caution, expecting, every minute, to be encountered by some cut-throat horseman, or footpad.

When I had got half-way over, a rabbit, or cat, (I know not which of the two) crossed the road; which almost terrified me out of my wits; for my imagination magnified it into one of those gentlemen-travellers, armed *a capite ad pedem*. However, I reached the opposite extremity without receiving any damage, but that which my fears did me: and a little after day-break, I found myself in the very heart of the grand Metropolis; for I had not loitered by the way, or stopped to be *sworn at Highgate*.

The crowd of churches that surrounded me,—their gorgeous magnificence,—the

elegance of the private houses, and other buildings,—and, above all, that masterpiece of architecture, St. Paul's Cathedral, which reared its venerable head, and looked, with awful majesty, above the rest,—suspended, for a while, all thoughts of myself, and afforded me an ample field for speculation of the solemn and glorious kind.

In the course of my perambulation, I met several *covies* of *black game*, chanting Christmas-carols; who almost ruined my hearing with their din. The bells were ringing delightfully; nay, such was the sweetness of their music, that my soul was lifted to an ecstasy of admiration and joy.

As I was passing through a back-street, near Cheapside, for the purpose of looking out for a suitable tavern to put up at, I perceived in the window of a small neat house, a card, with the word *Lodgings* written upon it, in a strong text-hand.

I thought that this would be a very good part of the town to live in, and that it would be much more agreeable to lodge in a private than a public house : so I went directly to the door, and gave a gentle knock with my crabstick ; for I knew, by the blaze of the fire, which flashed against the window, as if some one were blowing it with bellows, that the people of the house were up. The door was opened by a middle-aged woman, dressed in a clean mob-cap and stuff-gown, who greeted me with a curtsy, and —“ A merry Christmas to your honour !” Having returned her salutation, I told her my business ; which was, that I was freshly come out of the country, wanted a lodging, had seen the notice in the window, and had made bold to call, in order to make inquiries about it. To this she replied, with much complacency, “ Very well, sir : I believe we shall be able to accommodate you. But have the goodness to walk in, and I will mention it to my husband.” As soon as she had ushered me in, “ This young

gentleman, Mr. Evans," said she to an elderly man, who sat by the fire at his breakfast, and who had greatly the appearance of one that had seen better days; "this young gentleman is in search of a lodging; and is come to know about the room we have to let." "What has brought him at so early an hour as this?" said he, with a look of harmless surprise. Before either of us could answer this question, he cried, staring very hard at my feet, "Ho, ho! I guess, you come out of the country, sir? That is not town-dirt upon your shoes, I dare be sworn. Pray, be seated, sir; and we will talk the matter over at our ease." "Perhaps, sir," cried his wife; "you will take a cup of tea with us. Come, sir, draw your chair to the fire." "Ay, do; do, sir, draw your chair to the table, and drink a dish of tea with us." cried the old gentleman, very urgently. I had been told, that London was so flinty a place, that this hospitable invitation excited at once my wonder and amazement.

I stood not in need of more pressing, but, thanking them for their kindness, did as they desired me. During breakfast, the following short dialogue, which some readers will, perhaps, think homely and insipid, passed between us.

“Were you never in town before, sir?” cried Mr. Evans. “No, sir:” answered I; “It was my unhappiness to be born and educated at a place a long way from this.” “Unhappiness, do you call it, sir?” cried he, shaking his head; “Would to God, such an unhappiness had fallen to my lot! Why, sir, ’tis a very *Babel*; the seat of whoredom, treachery, fraud, and all manner of baseness. Happy the man, say I, who knows no more of so wretched a place, than its name.” “You seem surprised, sir,” cried Mrs. Evans, eyeing me steadfastly; “to hear my husband inveigh so bitterly against the place that gave him birth; but, indeed—indeed, you would not wonder, if you knew what hardships and distresses he has undergone

in it." "You mention the effect, my dear, without the cause;" cried he; "which is equally as absurd, as delivering a sermon before the text. If you had said, that I had suffered many turmoils and disappointments by the mock professions, villainy, and deceit of those who called themselves my friends, you would have been pertinent enough: but to say only that I have been in trouble, is leaving the gentleman to guess, whether I brought it upon myself by imprudent conduct, or whether it fell upon me from the unlucky hand of misfortune. I have no occasion to rail at the place; it is the people that disgrace it, who rouse my choler." "If the inhabitants of a town are vicious," cried I; "the town itself is unworthy the most trifling consideration." "True, sir:" cried the lady; "and when you have found them to be so, I think 'tis no wonder that you become disgusted and out of humour with it." "Your regard for a town, madam," said I; "certainly depends, in a great measure, upon the

behaviour you meet with from those who live in it. However you were prejudiced in its favour at first, bad treatment, if you were conscious of your own probity, would soon shake, and in the end utterly destroy, such a prepossession. Buildings only please the eye; but good society comprehends almost every pleasure that mankind is capable of tasting." "Ay, sir," cried the old gentleman; "but where will you find good society? Is it to be met with in England? No. We grumble at the French for their fopperies; at the Italians for their perfidy; at the Turks for their cruelty; at the Danes for their double-dealing; at the Americans for their falshoods; at the Swiss for their unsteadiness and caprice; and at the Chinese for their cozenage and cunning; when, in fact, two-thirds of the people at home are fairly bloated, if I may so speak, with all those faults and vices." "Truly, my dear," cried Mrs. Evans, smiling very courteously at me; "I think you are rather too sarcastic now. Your censure is



provoked, I grant ; but it is not only unjust, but illiberal, to condemn so many of your countrymen, because you have been slighted and injured by a few.’ “Prettily observed, my pet !” cried the old gentleman, in perfect good-humour ; “Thou art not the first *old woman* who has *tried* to talk about justice.” The lady was far from being nettled with this, but burst into a loud laugh, crying—“Indeed, Mr. Evans, the *Bench* is greatly your debtor.” “Oh, fie, madam !” returned he, smartly ; “never speak of favours that your husband bestows. I assure you, the *Bench* is as welcome to my good word, as the flowers in May. Besides, it has done me many a *kindness* in my life. I am always ready to make every due acknowledgment for its good offices. *Ingratum si dixeris, omnia dicis* : If you say a man is ungrateful, you call him all the rogues and rascals in Christendom. It is an indefinite term ; a term of reproach without limit ; a *terminus a quo*, without an *ad quem*. I would rather be hanged,

han subject myself to the infamy of the imputation. But we are got into an ugly subject, and the sooner we quit it, the better." Here the conversation ended ; and we swallowed the residue of our breakfast in silence.

We had no sooner finished, than Mrs. Evans shewed me the room they had to let ; which was not over large, but had a good bed in it, and was, on the whole, tolerably well furnished. The terms were very moderate, being only six shillings per week, fire and cooking included.

We came to an agreement directly ; and as soon as the good lady had made every thing comfortable for me, I took possession.

## CHAP. XV.

*Full of Wormwood and Aloes.*

**A** DISPOSITION to obey is the first qualification of a Soldier and a Subject, and patience is the first virtue of a Man! The want of the first is the cause of discontent with the administration of necessary discipline, and leads the Soldier to mutiny, desertion and the halberts; the Subject to rebellion, and the gallows: and an impatience of the dispensations of Providence, leads Man, in relation to his moral conduct, into absurdities, crimes, mortifications, and repentance; and too often to that which is more unmanly and infamous,—a desertion of his post by *suicide*.

All the property I now had in the world, consisted of six one-pound Bank-of-England notes, and seventeen shillings in silver,—the diamond ring which Mrs.

Fake had made me a present of,—a suit of clothes,—a hat, which, by the bye, was a little worse for the wear,—one shirt,—a black-silk handkerchief,—one pair of stockings, and one of shoes,—and what I valued infinitely more than every thing besides, my trusty and affectionate crabstick. When I quitted Lincoln, I had a good supply of linen, and other necessaries; but had left them behind me, at Mr. Ainsworth's, as *bail* for my *future appearance*

The following day, I gave Mrs. Evans a couple of guineas, to buy me stockings and two fine shirts with, at the Repository; which she did at a very cheap rate: and Mr. Evans, to whom I had made my circumstances known, kindly promised, that he would do every thing in his power to get me into genteel bread. I went with him to the coffeehouse every day, where he introduced me to several respectable characters, most of whom were in the Law. Those that he could make the most free

with, he spoke to concerning me; and they gave him their word, that if any thing fell out that was likely to befit my ability, they would not fail to let him know. But these gentlemen, I believe, with all their assurances, gave themselves little trouble in the business: for, though Mr. Evans urged them frequently touching it, they had never any thing better for him, than a slovenly common-place story about the fruitlessness of their inquiries, applications, &c.; which always ended with—"Hope for the best!" and a swinging promise. In short, my worthy intercessor grew tired of importuning them, and I as weary of waiting; so we began to try other methods; but these, to my no small mortification, proved no less unsuccessful.

I had now spent every farthing of my money; and by what means to get a fresh supply I knew not. All our continued efforts to obtain a livelihood for me, were as vain and fruitless as those we had be-

fore made. In real fact, Poverty, from eyeing me askance, grew impudent, and began to stare me full in the face. I kept my necessities to myself till I was quite chopfallen, and perhaps, out of pride, might have done so much longer, if Mr. Evans had not taken me, one day, into St. James's Park with him, and compelled me to give an account of myself. After we had taken a few turns, without exchanging a word, we seated ourselves upon a bench. He suddenly pressed one of my hands within his, and regarding me with a look of generous compassion, "Young man," cried he; "when you came to inquire about the apartment we had to let, I was strongly prepossessed in your favour. I pretend not to physiognomy, but confess, that I put much credit and faith in a man's looks. There was something in your face that assured me, you had a heart above the meanness of falshood and deceit; qualities that may have a temporary effect upon fools, but even on such creatures they may be practised so much

as to lose their virtue. Your conduct, all the time you have been a sojourner in my house, has satisfied me, that your countenance, at our first meeting, told me nothing but the truth ;—and I will now take the word of the same countenance for it, that some silent grief, which you are loath to acquaint me with, sits heavy on your mind. I am your friend ; at least, my dear boy, it would rejoice me to serve you in a manner that would render me worthy of being deemed such. Can you not confide in one who has an inclination, and perhaps the power, to alleviate your sorrow ? It distresses both Mrs. Evans and myself to see you thus pine and droop ; I assure you it does. Why, why, my dear lad ! do you conceal the cause of your melancholy from us ? If we have not the means to relieve you in an essential manner, we will freely contribute our mite towards the restitution of your happiness. Come, sir, cheer up. Your friendly Stars, in a little time, may shine more graciously upon you. Unbosom yourself

to me, I entreat you : and believe me, when I say, that if my counsel, or any thing that lies within my narrow grasp, will be of the least moment to your peace, it is heartily at your service."

Overcome with a sense of this goodness, I burst into a violent flood of grief; and as soon as I was able to speak, I frankly told him my condition.

He listened to me with a look of surprise and impatience. "And is it possible," cried he, his eyes overflowing with tears; "that you have not tasted food for three days past?—Oh, my God! to what evil fortune are some of thy creatures born!—How, how, Mr. Ranger, could you keep this from me?—But my wife—did not she——" "Oh, yes; she is the best of creatures!" cried I: "She, with her wonted generosity, did invite me, every day, to breakfast—dinner—nay, to every meal you sat down to." "And you refused?" cried he. I answered in the



affirmative. "Under what pretext?" said he: "I am certain it must have been a very colourable one, else she would not have admitted it: so well I know her feeling nature." "I confess, sir," cried I; "that I had recourse to a falshood, though, perhaps, an excusable one." "There can be no excuse for a lie, young man," said he, in an elevated tone of voice: "But tell me—in what vehicle did you convey the cheat?" "Every time she pressed me, sir," said I, "I told her, I had ordered something to be got ready for me at an eating-house hard by; and to give the sham the complexion of truth, I went out in proper season, and returned when I thought you had risen from table." "Ay, it is just as I conjectured:" cried he: "Now, tell me truly, young gentleman,—was not Pride your elbow-minister in that affair?—Nay, seek not to deny it: I know the meddling jackanapes was the principal projector of the scheme." "To say the truth, sir," said I; "Pride had a hand in it." "Well, be that as it may,"

dried he ; “ you cannot but acknowledge the justness of *Seneca’s* observation :

*Fames parvo constat, multo fastidium.”*

“ No, sir ;” cried I ; “ nor can I disallow the truth of what *Juvenal* says :

*Quantum quisque sua nummorum servat in arca,*

*Tantum habet & fidei.*

and *Horace* :

*Imperat aut servat collecta pecunia cuique.”*

“ Excellent !” cried Mr. Evans ; “ But I shall always think and say, with *Valerius Maximus* :

*Malo virum pecuniâ, quam pecuniam viro indigentem,”*

I was beginning to answer him with another quotation from *Sallust*, but he stopped me short, with—“ A truce, a truce, my dear boy ! You will beat me out of house and home, if I suffer you to go on at this rate. The Classics, though they are excellent food for the mind, will not fill an empty stomach. We must make all the haste we can home, for, unluckily, I have not a farthing in my pocket.” So saying, he took hold of my arm, and assuming a cheerful countenance, led me out of the park.

We had no sooner reached home, than Mrs. Evans, by his orders, placed the best fare in the house before me ; which was bread and butter, and a pot of warmed beer, made palatable with nutmeg and sugar. However, I eat and drank very sparingly, for fear of an ill consequence.

Notwithstanding this worthy couple did every thing in their humble power to hinder my body from waxing lean, and tried all methods to keep up my drooping spirits, in a few days' time, I fell into a slow fever ; which, by inflaming my mind with galling reflections, terminated in a violent *typhodes*. To say the truth, I wanted fortitude ; and in wanting that, I wanted the virtue without which all the rest are good for nothing, as I found to my cost.

Mr. Evans, perceiving my disorder gained ground very fast, generously called in a physician ; who, as I afterwards learnt, had but small hopes of my recove-

ry. He tried all the *arcana* that lay within the compass of his knowledge upon me; and I took as much medicine as would have stocked a pedling apothecary's shop; but without effect. I grew worse and worse; and the fever raged with such relentless fury, that I soon became delirious, and raved like a madman. I lay in a state of utter insensibility for more than a fortnight; and now the doctor pronounced me a dead man, to all intents and purposes. But my good landlady, who has often told me since, that she knew I was then worth fifty dead men, was determined to prove, if possible, that a doctor's word was not *always infallible*; for, without saying a syllable to any one, she prepared a *febrifuge mixture*, the receipt for which she had had in her possession a number of years, and forcing a tea-spoonful of it into my mouth every hour, it had a surprising consequence. Nay, such was the virtue of this medicine, that my senses began to return at intervals; and in a day or two, I recovered them entirely.

When the violence of the distemper was abated, Mrs. Evans, resolved not to let her good fortune lag, prevailed upon me to swallow a small basin of white-wine-whey, which, in a few minutes, threw me into a profuse sweat. This left my body cool, easy, and free from pain ; and my mind in a calm and tranquil state. It had also a soporific effect ; for I had scarcely done perspiring, when I dropped into a sound and refreshing sleep ; from which when I awoke, I found myself greatly recruited. I now had nothing but bodily weakness to get the better of ; and my she-doctor spared neither pains nor kitchen-physic, to put me in full possession of my former flesh and vigour. Nature being thus assisted, I was soon able to sit up in a chair ; and in proportion as I gathered strength, I grew lively and good-humoured.

Mr. Evans had a small neat library, containing some of the best ancient and modern Classics, with which I amused

myself during my confinement. When I was in a dull heavy vein, I hobbled in *Polybius*, *Thucidides*, *Themistocles*, *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Epictetus*, *Euclid*, *Camden*, *King*, *Locke*, *Bacon*, *Barrow*, &c. &c. When my spirits were aloft, I sported in *Lucian*, *Aristophanes*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Persius*, *Shakespear*, *Dryden*, *Otway*, *Pope*, *Swift*, *Gay*, &c. &c.

On those days that I was too nervous to take a book in hand, my mind was prevented from languishing by the witty and ingenious conversation of Mr. and Mrs. Evans, who scarcely ever left my bed-side, from the time of my seizure to that of the restoration of my intellects ; and who now were my constant and only companions.

Before I was taken ill, I had often proposed to myself, the selling of my ring, as a means to furnish me with the needful, without coming to a determination ; but now (after a smart debate with my own

conscience, which, I must confess, strongly upbraided me with disloyalty, and in the vehemence of its passion, called me a mean dirty rascal) I made up my mind, fully and indefinitely, to have immediate recourse to that expedient; for I could not bear the thought of having been so long a time a burden to those two good creatures, who had enough to do to scrape together a maintenance for themselves.

In a few hours after I had thus resolved, my good landlady came up stairs to sit with me, her amiable yoke-fellow being called away upon business. She had not been long in the room, when I spoke to her after the following manner:

“It is a matter of much concern and uneasiness to me, Mrs. Evans, that I should have lived all these weeks at your and your worthy husband's charge. Indeed, words cannot describe the pain that this reflection gives me. If I live till my memory is worn out with service, grati-

tude will never let me forget the generous and unexampled treatment which I have received at your hands.—This, madam, (continued I, taking the ring from my finger, and presenting her with it) is worth several pounds. Take it, I entreat you. I wish its value were ten times greater than it is; but even then, it would not be, by any means, a sufficient requital for your goodness.”

“Oh, my dear boy!” cried she, in a broken voice; “do not insult me!” and the tears starting in her eyes, she squeeze me by the hand, and hurried out of the room.

Let those who dispense their favours out of ostentation and bravado, or with the hopes of remuneration, look at this picture of disinterested benevolence; and if they are not ashamed of their own *charitable deeds*, 'tis pity they should ever again have it in their power to do a *good turn*.



In a few mornings after this, as I was entertaining myself with *Pope's Dunciad*, I heard a little disturbance below stairs, which was followed by a dreadful scream. I closed the book directly, but before I could throw it upon the table, Mrs. Evans appeared before me, with a countenance as pale as death. Though I was but weak, I leaped instantly from my seat, and ran to support her, for I saw she was ready to sink upon the floor. She threw her trembling arms about my neck, and in a faint voice, cried—"Oh, my husband—my poor husband!" "For God's sake, madam," cried I, holding her up as well as my strength would permit me; "what is the matter?" She was, for some time, unable to answer me, but at length, shedding a heavy shower of tears in my bosom, she cried, "Oh, Mr. Ranger! that saint—that good soul is—is—is arrested?" "By whom?" said I, impatiently. "Oh!" cried she; "I could wish to keep it from you, but alas!—" "Nay, madam," said I, with still greater urgency; "let

me know it, whatever it is, I conjure you.” “I am reluctant—” said she; “but, since you desire it, I will tell you.” “Do—do, I beg of you, madam!” cried I. “It is—it is—” said she, in a hesitating manner; “it is at the suit of the apothecary of whom we got medicine for you. The sum is upwards of eleven pounds—but do not think, my dear boy——” “Oh, my God!” interrupted I, half-distracted; “and am I the cause of this unhappiness? But there is one resource yet. This ring—this ring——Here, take it! fly! run to a jeweller! sell it, and redeem my benefactor!” “Oh, Heaven!” ejaculated she, falling upon her knees; “to what detestable acts does necessity sometimes drive us!”

After she had given me numberless blessings that I did but ill deserve, she arose, embraced me, and bursting into a fresh flood of tears, flew to effect the freedom of her beloved spouse.

The poor creature executed her commission so well, and with such dispatch, that in an hour's time, she returned with her husband, who, as soon as he came into the room where I was, hugged me with all the tenderness and good-will of a father. And there ensued a deep tragedy-scene; which I shall pass over in silence, because it would but ill accord with the principles of *modern sentiment*, and consequently would yield little or no satisfaction to any readers but *those whose feelings* have been *bred* in the *old school*; and those are so few, *comparatively speaking*, that it would look like arrogance or vanity in me, if I were to attempt to describe it.

The storm was no sooner blown over, than Mrs. Evans told down five guineas and a half, which was the sum that remained out of the money she had sold the ring for, after the debt and costs were discharged.

Here we had a terrible dispute whom the money belonged to. Mr. and Mrs. Evans strongly argued, that they had no right to it, and vowed, they would rather die than touch a farthing: I insisted, that I had eaten and drank more than its value at their table, and therefore, that they had a better claim to it than I. But all that I said, or urged, served only to make them more positive: so I was obliged, at last, to take up the money, and put it into my pocket.

The next day but one, as if Fortune had determined to persecute me, another piece of bad news paid me a visit. This was the death of my grandfather Ranger; which I read in the *Star*, bearing date the twenty-seventh of March, 1798. After they had passed a highflown eulogium on his *philanthropy* and morals, an eulogium that, I must needs say, he little deserved, they finished with the following short paragraph, which I then wrote down in my pocket-book: “ *We understand, that*

*this gentleman has bequeathed all his property, amounting to the immense sum of one hundred thousand pounds, to a collateral relation, (Maximilian Steril, Esq.) his only child (a son) having fallen under his displeasure, many years ago, by marrying a person of no rank or distinction, without his knowledge or approbation."*

This upshot of almost twenty years' cruelty and injustice, raised such a tempest of sorrow and contemptuous wrath within me, that if it had not vented itself in tears, a relapse into the malady from which I was recovering, would perhaps have been the consequence. Mr. Evans, when he knew the cause of my grief, first soothed me by sympathy, and then shewed me, by the arguments of philosophy, the folly of expecting true and solid happiness in this world, and the necessity of always wearing the armour of patience, which would enable us to take the field against, and put to the rout, the boldest calamity that assailed us.

## CHAP. XVI.

*A word to the wise.*

**O**f all the blots that vilify and disparage English History, there is none that I contemplate with so much sorrow and disgust, as the murder of that wise and most excellent King, Charles the First.

The consequence of his death was, that there was a total dissolution of the old Government, (or rather, there would have been such a dissolution, if the new Government had been fully established, as there was a suspension of it during the continuance of the new one) and consequently of all former Laws; and, therefore, without an express acknowledgment or declared adoption of them by the new-created Government, no positive offences against them could exist; and it follows, that the Courts of *Law*, during the *Usurpation*, were constituted without *Law*;

and having no *authority*, tried persons, and caused them to be put to death, for offences which it was impossible for them to have committed, because none, at least none under the description of *mala prohibita*, existed for them to commit. This shews how little qualified those ignorant upstart-reformers were for the business they had undertaken; what grounds of declamation they had for a violated Constitution and infringed Rights, when, in fact, they did not even comprehend the Elements of the Constitution, or understand the definition of *Rights*. With how much greater prudence, and proof of better knowledge of the Constitution, did Charles II, and the Parliament composed of the persons who restored him to the exercise of his legal functions, act, by referring the commencement of his Reign to the period of the death of his father; thereby keeping alive the former Laws, and not ingrafting them on, but making them the root of, the Regal Succession; so that it is manifest with what emphatic

truth it may be said, *That a King of England reigns by the Laws.*

How superior, therefore, is the condition of a British Subject, even of the lowest British Subject, to the first favourite of an arbitrary monarch, who can raise and reduce with a breath! How much more enviable, in fact, than the first member of a democratic Republic, who is subject to the like vicissitude, from unstable popular passion. What a theme of panegyric does the Constitution of his Country afford him in contemplation! what solid good in enjoyment! that Constitution which exalts him to something higher than a *king*, to the dignity of human nature. Can it be wondered, that Heroes have bled in its defence? Is it not rather to be wondered, that there ever was so great a coward as would dare to refuse to lose his last drop of blood in its defence? And were it not for facts, it could not be credited, that there ever were such *madmen* and *fools* as would



sacrifice it to the name—to the phantom of Liberty: it is Liberty itself.

The Trial by Jury is a delicate member of the same admirable order, where prerogative and privilege constitute an harmonious union in the whole and all of its parts. Indeed, in surveying the wonderful structure of the British Constitution, curiosity is arrested by admiration at every step. It is a Fabric at once stupendous and delicate, and a perfect example of the sublime.

The foul stain in the trial and execution of the king, was not in taking his life away, but in the means used to accomplish it, where Violence acted in the disguise of Justice: for it is not only against the express Law of this Country, but against the universal Law of Nature, and consequently of Reason, that the *accuser* should try and judge the *accused*, that he should be *witness* and *judge* in his own cause. And it is, I think, impossible for

human ingenuity to rescue this execrable Act from the infamy that does, and, I am persuaded, for ever must, attach to it, while sound sense, and reason, and justice, are employed in the consideration of it.

The noble and Constitutional stand which the King made, in refusing to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the mock Court before which he was to have been tried, demonstrated at once his magnanimity and invincible affection for the Constitution: and if his crimes had been ten times greater than they were, or were pretended to have been, this was a manifestation of such patriotic heroism as ought to have atoned for all. His refusing to be tried was an acquittal: it was an intrinsic and self-evident refutation of the charge. His condemnation damned at once the cause of the regicides, and proved that their injustice could not compel him to commit the crime (the violation of the Constitution) with which they charged him, and to which they likewise tempted him

By the force of their own example, in the very act of trial.

If a man, therefore, ever deserved the title of Martyr, (which I suppose to mean, suffering in and for a just cause) it was Charles I. I do not mean by this to justify the king in going beyond his prerogative in too many instances ; though, I think, making an allowance for the frailties of man, that that might have been deemed, without referring it to an inclination to arbitrary maxims, as necessary to maintain the just branches of it. He certainly took too great a sweep to secure his own ; and it was an error proceeding from a lack of fortitude. In that respect he evinced a defect of magnanimity ; and I think it would have been better for his memory, if he had left his murderers without the shadow of an apology ; and perhaps the frailty of human nature is the only apology that can be made for him, and that apology, he himself did virtually make.

But the true way of considering this question is, by taking it up as an abstract point, wherein the virtues or vices, guilt or innocence, of the king, are not to be regarded; but whether it was consistent with the principles of moral justice, that the persons who wished, and were solicitous for his condemnation, should be appointed to determine whether he deserved it or not: and then let any man who, approving the act, pretends to have a regard for justice, defend it, if he can. Let him reconcile the violation of the principles of justice with the love of it; for in the condemnation and execution of King Charles, it was Justice that was murdered, and would have equally suffered, had it been the case of a hen-roost-robber, or brat-strangling gypsey; either of whom would have been as well intitled to canonization or deification. It was through the agency of the devil that the King was *sanctified*; not for his own good deeds, but the evil deeds of his enemies.

Here let me hold, and no longer hinder my patient reader, by a subject so grating to a *musical* conscience, from entering into the bowels of the next chapter; where, whether he be *Whig* or *Tory*, *Round-Head* or *Cavalier*, *Papist* or *Churchman*,—whether his discernment be as quick as the eye of an eagle, or as dull as that of the beetle or mole, he will soon discover, that I have not made all this preachment for the *bare sake* of prating, but to give a foil to and illustrate what is therein written.

## CHAP. XVII.

*Shewing, that all Magistrates are not over nice in acting according to the strict Letter of the Law, and do not scruple, upon occasion, to pull Justice by the Nose.*

**I**T was near the latter end of April before I was permitted to take the air, and even then my strength would not allow me to walk farther than half-a-mile, without baiting.

One day, as I was crawling, supported by my crabstick, through a hovel that leads you out of Ludgate-street to Apothecaries'-Hall, I suddenly encountered two demure-looking gentlemen : one was rather below the middle size, very corpulent, and halted in his gait, seemingly with the gout ; the other was tall and rawboned, wore more powder in his hair, than expression in his visage, and walked

boltupright, making such terrible tragedy-strides, that one would have thought he had been following a corpse to the place of interment. He had hold of his companion's arm, helping him forward ; and they seemed in very earnest conversation. Out of respect to the dignity that sat enthroned in their looks, I made way as fast as I could, in order that they might take the wall ; but the lame gentleman, who was perhaps visited, at the moment, with that crustiness of humour which *dances attendance* on the gout, was out of patience with my tardiness, and without saying a word, reached me a hard and unlicensed knock on the leg with his ratan, which, as I was very feeble, instantly levelled me with the ground, and limped on, as if nothing had happened. Sick as I was, this gross usage sharply roused my spirit, insomuch that I did not lie long in the dirt, but hurried after them. I had no sooner reached them, than I made a quick double round them, and cocking my hat in the face of him who had struck

me, "Confound you, sir," said I; "for a petulant old scoundrel! what was that for?" "Puppy!" cried the tall gentleman, threatening me with his cane; "stand out of the way!" "No, sir:" retorted I; "I shall stand where I am, till your friend has given me satisfaction for that rude and unmerited blow." "Popinjay!" cried he; "betake thyself away this instant, or we will have thee carried down to Bridewell." "Ay, sirrah!" cried the lame gentleman, looking magisterially at me; "thou shalt be sent to Bridewell, I promise thee thou shalt." "Really, gentlemen," said I; "you are making a promise which, I think, you will not be able to perform." "Insolent lackbrain!" cried the tall one: "Darest thou dispute our authority? Know, dog, that my friend, as thou callest him, is on the Commission, and I am a barrister at Law." "Yes, you tatter-de-mallion!" cried the other; "I am a Justice of the Peace, and can, by virtue of my office, send thee across the *herring-pool*, if it suits my hu-



mour." "Such *notable exploits* have been performed by many of your fraternity, no doubt;" cried I, with a sneer; "and those who wish to see *Justice* in all her *purity*, may be amply gratified, by going into Court when *you* are upon the Bench."

This piece of irony had so much sting in its tail, that the upright magistrate waxed furiously hot, and must needs fall a belabouring me with his cane. I grew vexed in my turn, and by way of acknowledgment, seized him by the scuff; and if my strength had not failed me, I verily believe I should have shook him till he had had no more breath in him than would have filled a ram's bladder.

The staggish counsellor had his hands full, all the time, in lugging me by the hair, and was, poor man, in a terrible heat with his work, crying, by starts, "Loose him, rascal! loose him,—or I will not leave a blade of hair upon thy pate."


In short, the fray got to such a violent pitch, that we soon drew a great crowd about us. The Justice and the *Ciceronian* pleader bawled out, in once voice, for a constable: a constable presently appeared, wielding his authority; into whose custody they delivered me.

Hereupon, a gentleman of noble mien and genteel appearance, stepped forward, and looking at my two adversaries, "Perhaps, gentlemen," said he; "you will stand in need of an evidence: if so, I am your humble servant; for I was an eyewitness of the affair, from beginning to end." They thanked him for this voluntary tender of his services, and said, that his testimony would be sufficient for the purpose.

Then the magistrate hobbled up to the fellow who had me in charge, and panting with loss of breath, cried, "Hark'e, Mr. What's-your-name! I am justice Antilaw, some call me justice Antelope—but no

matter for that—I suppose, you know me ?”  
“Yes, an’ please your worship ;” cried the man, obsequiously ; “I know your worship consumedly well.” “Then, you know what part of the town I live in, of course ?” cried the justice. “Yes ; your worship’s house is No. —, St. James’s-square.” “Well,” cried Mr. Antilaw, looking haughtily about him ; “take that high-crested delinquent straight there ; and—hark’e, see that he wants for nothing till I come to bid him welcome.” The archness and wit which this mandate contained, set the fellow a laughing, who, making a road through the throng with his truncheon, dragged me away.

He was one of those sort of men whose hearts, if they were put into a crucible, would burn to ashes, but would never melt ; and who would rather cut a throat, than put themselves to the trouble of saving one : in fact, he was a composition of flint and lead, at least, his behaviour to me declared him to be such : for he



pulled me forward most unmercifully ; and though I told him, in order to soften him, that I was only recovering from a long and severe fit of sickness, he did nothing but flee and whistle in my face, and continued to jostle and haul me in the same rough manner. I had no money in my pocket, else I would have bribed him into compassion ; for money, a powerful orator, generally makes up for the failures of entreaty.

When I was ready to die with fatigue, we arrived at the magistrate's house ; and I was taken, forthwith, into the room in which *he was wont to administer justice*. I sat, chewing the cud of chagrin, and closely guarded by the constable and two footmen, till a chaise stopped at the door.

In a few minutes, the equitable Mr. Antilaw made his entry into the room, followed by his clerk, the counsellor, and the gentleman who had offered himself as a witness.

Having taken his chair, the business was opened in the ordinary way, with this difference *only*, that my *accuser* was my *judge*, and the *person* who had helped to assault me, the principal *evidence* against me.

Never did counsellor make a bigger noise with his tongue, and never, I believe, did counsellor talk to such little purpose. He expatiated, for near half an hour, on the *heinousness*, as he called it, of assault and battery,—stated the *case*,—and concluded in these words: “At first, I deemed the prisoner to be *non compos*, and thought it would be *essentially* adviseable to detain him, and obtain a *Writ* of *Idiota inquirendo vel examinando*: but I am now fully persuaded, that he is a *sane*, and *malicious* culprit. He hath struck, and otherwise abused, one of his majesty’s most *august* officers; [this blandishment gave fresh consequence to the looks of the righteous magistrate] and the judgment of the Court, at the *Sessions*,

will, no doubt, be severe in proportion to the *enormity* of the offence."

Here Mr. Antilaw ordered his clerk, in a supercilious tone, to draw out my *mittimus*, which brought my heart fairly into my mouth; and casting a stern and brow-beating look at me, he cried—"Ay, ay; Newgate is the fittest place for such hardened rogues as thou."

He then, with assumed complaisance, requested the gentleman who had witnessed the scuffle, and whom I observed change colour, several times, during the marrowless harangue of the *bastard-son* of *Demosthenes*, to give his deposition. The gentleman instantly arose from his seat, and to my great surprise, spoke, in a firm and manly voice, and with a countenance that expressed the strongest indignation, to the following effect:

"If I were as poor a friend to truth, law, and equity, as you have demonstrated

yourselves to be, on this and many former occasions, I should, without the least scruple of conscience, give the evidence I promised, and which you now desire, against this innocent and shamefully abused young man. I have, for some time past, had a scrutinizing eye upon you both; because it was suggested to me, by several persons eminent in the law, that you acted, in your respective stations, incongruously with the Code of our happy Constitution. Their accusation was not instigated by envy or malice, but was purely out of sorrow and compassion for the wounds which Justice daily received in the dark, from the rancorous *stilletto*s of two deliberate assassins. I have found one to be a perfect reproach to the Bench; an upstart, who is unqualified for the meanest and most hateful post in the Community: the other, a superficial smatterer,—with talents that soar but a few degrees above idiotism,—whose heart is the very counterpart of his head,—and who would, in a Court of Judicature,

make a much better figure, if he were placed in the delinquent's Bar, than he does in talking nonsense at the Bar where causes are pleaded. I speak boldly, for I have truth on my side; and he that is so aided, may bid defiance to the *unmuzzled dogs* of lawless power. I have long wished—most piously wished—for a handle to bring your hellish, though not *unexampled*, tyranny to light. Happily, this casual adventure has supplied me with one. The offer I made you, in the street, was a mere fetch, (for I perceived that I was personally a stranger to you) to gain admittance into your mock hall, in order that I might be an ear-witness of your arbitrary and illegal proceedings. I am now sufficiently convinced, that every tittle of what has been laid to your charge, is strictly just and true. But your oppression, miscreants, is in the *wane*: the innocent shall no longer quake with the threats of your haughty brows and domineering tongues: for, if you do not, before a week hence, lay down your parti-



cular diplomas, I will force you—I say, force you—(pray, chew the cud upon it) to meet Justice, who, bleeding with her wounds, cries out for retribution and revenge, face to face. It is Lord E—— who speaks to you. But imagine not that I tell you who I am out of ostentation and vanity: I do it, that you may be sensible that I have the power to make my words good. That power (you may firmly rely upon my promise) I shall exercise without delay.”

This harangue of the conscientious nobleman was like a clap of thunder in Winter to the ears of the astonished counsellor, and the more astonished magistrate; the former of whom stood biting his nether lip in the most sheepish manner conceivable; the latter shrunk in his chair, and lost, in a twinkling, every atom of his importance. To me, it was like a sudden change in the atmosphere, from clouds and mist, to azure and sun-shine.

The counsellor, however, in spite of his wonder and chagrin, plucked up courage enough to begin a speech in his own defence; but my honest lawyer cut him short, with these words: "The *Lacedæmonians* were remarkable for their concise, though *pertinent* way of speaking: you, sir, are equally so, for your *impertinence* and frivolity; and though totally unfit for a barrister, are, I must needs confess, qualified, in every respect, for a *Knight of the Post*." "Our Constitution, my lord——" cried the counsellor, endeavouring to stammer out a reply—— "Our Constitution," interrupted the nobleman, glancing a look of ineffable disdain at him; "may be compared to an old Oak, once the glory of the Grove, but whose hollow, rotten, and corrupted Trunk, is now *ornamented* with Ivy, in the hollow and covering whereof, *Worms, Bats, Owls*, and other *Reptiles*, and *Beasts obscure*, feed, fatten, and conceal themselves, maugre the clamour of Thunder, and the searching rays of the Sun."

So saying, his lordship took hold of my arm, and with a courteous smile, led me out of the house ; leaving the upright magistrate and his *Tools* in a stupor of amazement and fear."

We had no sooner come into the street, than he asked me, in a kind engaging manner, where I lived. I directly satisfied him. Upon which, he put me into the first hackney-coach we saw ; and before I could collect sufficient spirit to return him my sincere acknowledgments, he kissed his hand, and fled.

The first thing I did, when I reached my lodgings, was to acquaint Mr. Evans with the rencounter ; who, as soon as he had got the better of the astonishment into which my recital had thrown him, descanted on the Elements of our noble, though abused Constitution, in a style that would have done credit to the luscious, energetic, and comprehensive oratory of a Mansfield.

## CHAP. XVIII.

*A very learned Chapter, interlarded  
with Satire as shrewd and biting as  
the sharpest Day in January.*

**CANIS\*** had reigned a full month before I was perfectly recovered; and when the hoary lord had begun to blow the leaves from off the trees, and shed his frozen tears upon the fields, gardens, and house-tops, Mr. Evans, with much ado, got me a clerk's post in a distinguished merchant's counting-house. My salary was two pounds *per* week, besides perquisites; so that I became, in a short time, more genteel in my appearance. I began to allow my compassionate landlady three guineas *per* month, for board and lodging; and, as a trifling remuneration for her good offices, bought her a handsome mahogany-chest of drawers, a dining-table, and a

The dog-star.

silk-gown. As for my landlord, I made him a present of a silver-watch, which cost me five pounds. But this looks like bravado.

I was fully employed at the desk from nine o'clock in the morning, till six at night; and I generally spent my evenings, with Mr. Evans, at the coffee-house, where I heard many interesting debates between men who laid claim to the title of *Literati*.

One night, in November, there chanced a sharp and eager controversy on commerce, language, &c.; which, on account of its *moment*, and the amusement it may yield to a certain class of readers, I shall here record, with all the candour and faithfulness of an unbiassed historian.

The disputants were many, and seemed all in good mettle. The subject was started by a grave gentleman, dressed after the fashion of a Quaker, who had some

point in his arguing, but wanted that fullness and command of voice, and dignity of action, without which an orator is good for nothing.

“Commerce,” said he; “is the principal *blood-vessel* of England: I mean by this, that it is the great source of livelihood and support. Without it, nine-tenths of the nation would sink into the most contemptible sluggishness. It is a spur to industry, because it is a pleasant, and by good management, a sure way of getting money. Idleness, we are well assured, is the bane of all nations: beggary, irreligion, mock pride, ignorance, debauchery, murder, theft, and disloyalty, constitute a part of its train. Whereas, labour and diligence are attended with wealth, good morals, happiness, piety, and a steady affection and duty towards the king. I am persuaded, that if trade were suspended only for six months, England would be overwhelmed, if I may so speak, with anarchy, riot, and confusion. The noble,

with regard to authority, would soon be on a level with the ignoble ; independency and littleness of soul would unite in the same body ; those that could not get a subsistence by other tricks, would betake themselves to the highway ; those that were honest, would be afraid to walk abroad ; street-tumults, robberies, and cutting of throats, would be rife ; *passive obedience* would be ridiculed and spurned ; conscience and integrity kicked out of doors ; the people in general would act agreeably to the suggestions of their own hearts, and follow, without controul, their several inclinations and desires ; in short, the universal maxim would be—*Every man for himself*. It has been urged by many, that agriculture would be an excellent *succedaneum* for trade ; that is to say, that farming, and cultivating the *waste lands* of Great Britain, would maintain, and *sufficiently employ*, its inhabitants till the day of *resurrection*. Wonderful calculators!!”

Here he was stopped by a little coxcomical gentleman with a red carbuncled face, and eyes that were heavy and sunk with tippling, who cried out, with an oath, "Rogue and tradesman, sir, are synonymous titles, say what you will: and if a man can live without working, let him live and be d—n'd. The whole system of trade is cheating, breaking, and setting up again."

"You talk idly, sir:" cried a person of the name of Rifraf, snapping him short; "Trade is the body, blood, and vitals, of this country. It is the *purifier* of language, sir; the *reformer* of morals, a *stimulus* to sobriety and diligence, and the very *quintessence* of honesty. I never hear a person inveigh against it, but I set him down for a fool or madman."

"And I," cried a gentleman, in a powdered peruke; "never hear a man speak in its favour, but I set him down for an egregious ass and a consummate



knave at once. The ideas of a person brought up and inured to trade, are, for the most part, narrow, heavy, and impotent : his phraseology is no less remarkable, for solecisms, clumsiness, and vulgarity. I will venture to assert, that if a man enter into a trading profession with a good heart and a tolerable understanding, in five years' time, that heart and understanding will not be worth two-pence. His sole care is to increase his stock, by overreaching some of his raw inexperienced brethren, accumulate money, and raise the price of goods, by what is *elegantly* called a *hoax*. He pretends, forsooth, to a new-beginner, that *he is his friend*; gives him *his* advice, and *puts* him *in the way of business, gratis*, and soon makes a shift, *kind man*, to ruin him with *a good grace*. What *Plautus* says may, with great justness, be applied:

*Altera manu fert lapidem, panem ostentat altera."*

"Well, sir," cried a merchant, who sat in a corner of the room, and who had

a voice as loud and sonorous (pardon the hyperbole, reader) as the tongue of *Great Tom* of Lincoln; "but you will please to recollect the wholesome admonition of the same admirable writer:

*Qui alterum inculcat probri, ipsum se intueri oportet."*

"Ay, sir:" returned the gentleman, briskly; "and I also remember what *Persius* says:

*Verte aliquid; jura. Sed Jupiter audiet, Eheu!*

*Baro, regustatem digito. terebrare salinum*

*Contentus perages, si vivere cum Jove tendis."*

Several other gentlemen spoke, *pro* and *con*; but their harangues were a complete patch-work of frippery and jargon, and were so very prolix, that I shall not tire the reader by giving them a place in this my history.

Mr. Evans listened to all their arguments with great patience and attention; but when the spirit of the contest began to evaporate, in other terms, when he

saw, that it would be possible for him to squeeze in a word or two, his tongue would lie still no longer. He arose from his seat, and with an air and voice that commanded at once respect and silence, spoke as follows :

“ A bold, honest openness of character is incompatible with trade ; suspicion and fraud are inseparable ; an incomprehensible crookedness of policy is therefore unavoidable in the Government of a trading people. Courtiers, and the *hangers-on* of Government, are not distinguished for candour and plain-dealing. The proverb of a *Courtier's promise*, though founded in fact, is not disgraceful to the individual. A courtier is influenced by the spirit of his Country ; his manners are formed on it. The soul of commerce necessarily directs every national concern of that country whose existence almost depends on it : and it would be absurd to praise a courtier of these days, for a simplicity which would be becoming in him,

if the people were all shepherds, and not as they are *sheep-shearers*. In the general change of manners, lawyers have lost their distinction ; and quibbles are admitted in *other* Courts, as well as in the Courts of Law. Pride is reckoned a vice: I never thought it was. It is that elevation of soul which places a man above a mean action, and makes him abhor a falshood. Trade has been despised by every country distinguished for its probity. The *Carthaginians* were traders, and *Punic faith* was proverbial. The *Spaniards*, celebrated for honour, will not impoverish their minds by the rich traffic of their West-India-possessions. By their virtues, they are punished for the opposite vices of their forefathers. Their detestation of the frauds and subtilities of trade, has made them lazy ; so the sins of the father are visited upon the children, unto the sixty-third and sixty-fourth generation, or more, if I had time to calculate.—When we speak of the policy of a State, we understand no more by it, than its prudence,

or general regulated system of action: but when of the policy of an individual, we intend to convey by it an idea of circumventing cunning. Public and private virtues are certainly distinct things, and 'tis pity but that they had a distinction of names, which would prevent the illiterate running into mistakes. For want of this, not only the meaning of many words, but the morals of the people, have been corrupted. The morals of the people will be generally found to be in proportion to the purity of their language: and if words of the same general import, in relation to morality, have, in particular applications, contrary meanings, the distinction of the things will be impaired, if not lost. Thus, the Pride which seeks the acquaintance of Vice in robes, and disdains Virtue in rags, is a Vice: but the Pride which disdains Vice in every condition, is a Virtue. I am convinced, that the language has a great influence upon the morals of the people. We are glad to get apologies for our conduct, where it

wants them; and if in the *sound* of a word, it is too often sufficient for the purpose.—I propound, for the solution of the learned, this *Query*, Whether virtue hath any principle besides shame? I will not travel to *Delphos* for an answer. Certainly, vice loses much of its deformity, when it becomes generally fashionable, or particularly habitual. This thought introduces another: The distinction of national character is derived entirely from fashion or habit. The morals of mankind are not *sui generis*; they are of the *cameleon-genus*, and borrow their *colour* from the surrounding objects.”

Three-fourths of the company answered this manly speech with loud, rapturous, and repeated plaudits. When the noise was over, the little hero with the pimpled face, bawled out, with an envious grin, “Methinks, sir, you would have conveyed your thoughts better, and more to the satisfaction of *some* of the company, if you had spoken in *Greek*, or *Hebrew*.”

An attorney who sat next him, was about to reprove him for his impertinence; but Mr. Evans prevented him, with these words: "Pray, sir, let the gentleman give his opinion. What he says is very *inoffensive*, I assure you.

Παχίον γαστήρ λισσόν ἢ τικτὸν γούρ."

The little tippler pricked up his ears at this, and cried, between shame and mortification, though not without some presence of mind, "In good truth, sir, you do not deal fairly with me, for—

*Vitiis nemo sine nascitur."*

"That is very true, sir;" cried Mr. Evans; "but—

בושא נורא טבא לא נפוק מכלבא."

This was going a step too high for the *Bacchanalian*, who, not being able to answer him in an equal classical manner, fell into a furious passion. "D—n me, sir," cried he, in *plain English*; "you are no gentleman, or you would not in-

sult me in such an open manner." "The gentleman, my good friend," said Mr. Evans; "is a personal, and not a local or accidental appertinence. Civility is due to the A—B——p of C——y, and so it is to a cobbler; and if the cobbler conduct himself better in his station, than the A—B——p of C——y does in his, the cobbler is the better gentleman. It is manners that make the gentleman. A chamber-pot on a China-shelf, is but a chamber-pot in a wrong place." The little fellow, however, *grumbled in the gizzard*, for a good while; but, at last, getting flustered, he grew pleasant again, and shook Mr. Evans by the hand. The company left off wrangling, and the residue of the evening was spent in perfect harmony.



## CHAP. XIX.

*A Peep into Newgate, where a person who hath made some figure in this momentous History, claims acquaintance with the Author, in the character of a Malefactor.*

**I**N a few months after this, my landlord having some business with the governor of Newgate-goal, I accompanied him thither, and had permission from that gentleman to look through it.

The first prisoner we met in the great yard, was a man of a haughty self-sufficient port and countenance. As he brushed by us, he greeted the governor with—"Your servant, sir!" and stalked proudly on, holding up his head, as if every stone in the *venerable mansion* had been his property. "There's a fellow for you!" cried the governor, as soon as he was out of hearing; "For all his strutting, there is

nothing less than seven years' transportation for him. I have no patience with such turkey-cocks. He was brought here, t'other day, for having a quantity of stolen goods in his possession; and he has behaved so devilish lofty ever since, that there's no doing any good with him. He wants to be the cock of the walk,—but hold ye a bit there!"

He had scarcely spoken this, when a rawboned fellow in a red flannel night-cap came up to him, crying—"D—n your eyes, colonel, (a name which some of the prisoners gave him) let's have another pot of rambooze! Fat Peg is getting a bloody termagant. She'll turn \* *Whit* upside down by and by. The b—ch has almost basted the breath out of my body. Come, old boy! here's a crown: let's have another pot; for the jade has made me d—n'd thirsty." "Indeed, Jack," answered the governor, laughing, and taking the money

\* A cant name for *Newgate*.

from him ; "thou wilt be as drunk as *David's sow* presently. But I'll take care to send thee another drop of comfort, as soon as I have shewn these gentlemen the place." "Oh, d—n their bloods!" said he ; "Let them do an honourable action on the highway ; and then, by G—, they'll stand a good chance of knowing the place, and well too, I promise them. But, without any more crackjaw, let me have another tiff of rambooze ; for b—st my character, if my tongue is n't fairly glued to my mouth." "Well," cried the governor, after having given him a slight rebuke for swearing ; "I'll take care you have it soon." And we walked forward, leaving the prisoner growling hard to himself.

"Now, that is something like a fellow," cried the governor ; "He is here for a spirited burglary ; and is one of the best naturedest men in Newgate. There is none of that dirty pitifulness in breaking into a house, as there is in buying stolen

goods. That is creeping work, which no man of honord and courage would stoop to, hey?" "And do you really think, sir," said Mr. Evans, with some disdain; "that house-breaking is an honourable trade?"

The governor was quite at a loss how to answer this question, and seemed not a little confused. However, a sudden brawl that arose in the yard, between a male and female prisoner, gave him a good opportunity of evading it, which he did not fail to avail himself of: for they had no sooner begun to fire their batteries of ribaldry and abuse upon each other, than he made up to them, crying—"How now, raps! what's all this noise for?"

"D—n my liver!" cried the woman, who was no less a personage than fat Peg; "d'ye think one is to be pulled and hauled by such a pimping thief as this? I'll see his sneaking soul burnt to tinder, a d—n'd fiddle-faced bully, before he shall touch me with his whorish fingers. Let him go.

and caterwaul with Moll Smirker, for, d—n my eyes, if I'll sell my flesh in such a stinking half-price market." "Why, you blackguard w—e!" cried the man, with great fury; "who would give full price to you, d'ye think? D'ye take yourself for a first-rate punk, you fat a—b—ch?" Blasphemy and downright balderdash followed.

Our ears were so much offended, that we went away, and left the governor, who swore as hard as they, though not quite so profanely, doing his best to quell them. But they seemed to set him at defiance; for although he threatened, lustily, that he would load the male with irons, and put the scold's bridle upon the female, they continued to fall out and execrate, and were so violent against each other, that they soon filled Newgate with hurley-burley.

In a lonely part of the yard, (if any part of this hell-upon-earth can be called

*lonely*) we saw a squat man of very genteel appearance, walking to and fro, in the compass of six yards, with a book in his hand, which he was so intent upon, that he did not notice us at first ; but, on our nearer approach, he left off reading on a sudden ; put the book in his pocket ; and turning his eyes towards us, I discovered the very countenance of Mr. Theobald Fribbler, attorney at law.

I confess, I was both surprised and shocked at this, though I had often thought, that such a fate would betide him. As great a villain as I knew him to be, I was not so incompassionate as to stand staring at him, but immediately desired Mr. Evans to wheel about ; which we were about to do, when he strutted up to me, and taking me by the hand, “ Gad, Mr. Ranger !” cried he ; “ how d’ye do ? Upon my faith, sir, this unexpected meeting is prodigiously pleasant ! Hail, brother,—well met ! is quite *apropos*. . We little dreamed of this, when we were such good friends

at Northampton. 'Sdeath, sir, you don't know how wretchedly I have been used ! Injustice and oppression, sir, carried me into this diabolical place ; but I don't despair or repine, for truth, and honesty, and conscience, and rectitude, and probity, and innocence, sir, will shortly carry me out of it. Illegal proceedings, sir, are sure to be cut short. You know me, Mr. Ranger ; and all the world knows me : my character, sir, will bear the scrutiny of—of—of—of what-d'ye-call-um—I mean the test of scrutiny ; that is to say, it—it—it—it——”

Here I broke away from him, without speaking a syllable, and walked towards the governor, who had now perfectly silenced the two unruly squabblers. Mr. Evans followed at my heels ; and as soon as he had come abreast with me, says he, “ Who is that fellow, Mr. Ranger ? ” Upon which, I slackened my pace, and gave him, *sans* preface, a sketch of his character, and told him how and in what

manner I became acquainted with him. "If a man's virtue be not innate," cried my thinking landlord, when he had heard me to an end ; " he will relinquish it, before he will part with his reputation ; but if he be really virtuous, and put to the trial, he will adhere to virtue, and let his reputation go. Hence courage, or an inflexible adherence to truth, (which is too often appropriated to an undauntedness in corporal dangers, but which is only, and only when rightly exerted, a quality of truth) has always stood the foremost of virtues." And he concluded with saying, that Fribbler was not the *only* professional man that deserved Newgate.

The governor having rejoined us, I asked him what was the attorney's offence. He made answer, that he had cheated the widow of a gentleman of Northampton of her dower, some years ago, by forgery ; that the fraud was discovered, the other day, by a relation of the lady ; and that



the culprit was brought late one evening in a coach. "Ay, ay;" continued he; "he is as sure to swing as you stand there. He will forge no more in this world, I promise him. But he is not a bad-natured man for all that. To give the devil his due, he doesn't want for sense, and has a vast deal of *lawful talent*. I had some talk with him t'other day, and he seems to think, that he will come off with flying colours,—but hold ye a bit there!"

This was all the information I wanted. I was perfectly disgusted with the place; and as for Mr. Evans, the ribaldry his ears had witnessed, had turned his stomach: so we wished the governor, *worthy* soul, good morning, and went home, chewing the cud of dissatisfaction.

Here, reader, I shall end the chapter, and leave thee to chew the cud too; but not before I have told thee something that will shew thee the certainty of Justice at the long run: and that is, that Mr.

Theobald Fribbler, of infamous memory, was, at the ensuing Sessions, tried, found guilty, and condemned ; and shortly after, in pursuance of the sentence of the Court, was executed at *Tyburn*, before the eyes of ten thousand spectators.

## CHAP. XX.

*Wonders never cease.*

**A**BOUT the beginning of January, I wrote to Mr. Prosody, and for the first time in my life, to my worthy parents. From the former I received no word, which filled me with many strange conjectures and fears; but from the latter I had a long and affectionate answer, in which was enclosed a bill of four hundred pounds. They earnestly pressed me to come over to Lisbon to them, saying, that they were impatient to embrace their long-lost child; and that I had a sister who ardently desired to see and bless me.

I felt an unusual sensation whilst I was reading this letter; and my whole heart glowed with filial tenderness. Mr. and Mrs. Evans rejoiced with me on the occasion, but declared, with unfeigned passion, that they would rather part with their lives, than their lodger.

In a few days after, I took horse, and rode post into Staffordshire, to Mr. Proso-dy's farm: but this was a sleeveless errand; for the people who rented it, told me, that the good pedagogue had been there for a few weeks, after he had given up his school, but being in great distress, had sold his effects for an *old song*;\* and that he was gone—they knew not whither.

Upon this bad news, I made the best of my way to Lincoln; but here, though I inquired with all possible diligence, I could not gain the least intelligence of him. I also went to my old village, to see my foster-dam, Mrs. Racy, and to ask her, if she knew any thing of her kinsman; but she, excellent woman! had been in her grave two years: so I returned to London, indescribably chagrined at the ill success of my journey.

Mr. Evans hearing of a merchant-man

\* A trifling sum.

that had all her freight on board, and was ready to sail, the first fair wind, to Lisbon, he bargained with the captain for my passage; and we got every thing in order for my voyage; which we had no sooner done, than two men belonging to the vessel, came one morning, when we were all a-bed, by the captain's orders, and told me, that they had commands to fetch my luggage; and that I must be as quick as possible in dressing myself, for that the ship was waiting for me.

Though I had scarce any time to spare, I made a shift to put a hundred pound bill into a small chip-box, which I sealed over with wax; and giving it Mrs. Evans, I told her to break it open in three days after my departure; for I knew, that if I offered them money openly, they would not only refuse it, but be mightily offended.

Having taken a tender leave of this amiable couple, I went down with the

men to the vessel ; and in about half an hour after I had embarked, we weighed anchor.

I shall not trouble the reader with further particulars of the voyage, than that the wind, early the following morning, chopped about, and blew full in our teeth; that, for a fortnight, my stomach was very qualmish ; that one of our hands, on the fifteenth day of our being at sea, fell over-board, and was drowned ; that my trunk was broken into by some of the crew, and one bottle of brandy and two of wine taken out of it ; and that seven weeks and three days had elapsed, owing to the fickle disposition of *Æolus*, when we anchored in the *Tajo*, before Lisbon.

As soon as we went ashore, I was taken, by one of my shipmates, to a principal hotel in the city, where I got proper refreshment ; and having put on clean linen, and trimmed myself *cap-a-pee*, I hurried out in quest of my father's house ; which,

as he was well known in the place, I soon found.

I had not occasion to wait long at the door ; for I had no sooner knocked, than it was opened by a man in a plain livery, who shewed me into an apartment that might have been taken for a Senate-house. Indeed, such was the elegance of the tapestry, and of the furniture in general, that I have seldom seen a room equal to it. At the upper end of it, a lady and gentleman of goodly appearance, were seated upon a sofa of crimson velvet and gold, in earnest conversation ; who, at my entrance, immediately arose ; and the latter demanding my business, I told him I came from England. Upon which, a wild delight burst from his eyes, and shook its glossy plumes over one of the noblest countenances in the world. The lady's face, which was full of beauty and expression, changed its form too ; and they both stood gazing at me with a wistfulness that I cannot describe.

“Your name, sir?” cried the gentleman, impatiently. “My name, sir,” said I; “is—Ra—Ra—Ran——” They had not patience to wait till I had forced the remaining syllable out of my throat, but fell upon my neck both at once, crying—“’Tis he! ’tis he!—’Tis our dear—dear Godfrey!”

I was now, my good reader, for the first time within my remembrance, encircled with the arms of my doting parents. Never was transport so great as theirs. In truth, they lost all controul of themselves, and kissed me till I was almost smothered. For myself I blubbered with joy; and the scene was, in every respect, so tender, that I may venture to say, it would have melted a whole theatre into tears. But, as ecstasy is never very durable, we soon were in a condition to enter into discourse, which we did; and we were beginning to talk over old affairs, when a handsome young lady and a fine portly gentleman, with mustaches, came into the room, arm in arm.



“So!” cried my father, smiling upon them; “I am rejoiced you are come. Here is a friend of mine from England. Come, Sophy, draw near, and welcome him with a kiss.” The lady’s face turned as red as scarlet at this; and the gentleman looked somewhat confounded too. “What, my dear!” cried my mother, in a lively manner; “will you not salute your brother?” This was enough. The dear little creature sprang into my arms in a moment, crying—“Is it, indeed, my brother Godfrey?” And I underwent another huge bussing. When this was over, my father introduced the gentleman to me, as my sister’s husband; who shook me by the hand with the greatest cordiality.

He was a Spaniard of noble birth and fortune: his name was Don Larindos De Cortez; and being a man of great modesty and merit, my father had bestowed my sister upon him in marriage, a few months before my arrival. He spoke very good English, and was an excellent

scholar. I was infinitely pleased with him at first; and he improved so much upon acquaintance, that I was glad my sister, whose beauty and understanding were on a par, and who richly deserved a good yokefellow, was so well matched.

My father and mother were grievously troubled, when I informed them of Mr. Prosody's disaster; and said, they would give the world, if they knew where he was, that they might send him relief. And they surprised and afflicted me in their turn, by telling me, that my grandfather Stanhope, of blessed memory, had been dead five years.

The last cruel stroke of my grandfather Ranger did not amaze or concern them in the least; for my father, by his faithful services, had won the friendship and goodwill of his employers, insomuch that they took him into partnership, when my sister was about six years old; and he had now made a large independence; with which,

he told me, he would shortly, if he could make every thing agreeable to the gentlemen with whom he was connected, retire, and spend the residue of his days in England.

I was not at all backward or lukewarm in spurring him to put this his intention in practise ; for, to say the truth, Portugal was a place that I had no kind of relish for : and as for \**Ulyssippo* itself, I saw nothing, either in or about it, very curious, or worthy of much note, excepting the two theatres, the circus for bull-feasts, the patriarchal church, the new aqueduct, which was compleated in 1732, and the Royal monastery of Belem, founded by king Emanuel, in the year 1499. I say, the place did not agree with my taste ; so I was resolved not to let my father, if it were possible, lose sight of his intention of quitting it. For the people, I have nothing to say, either for or

\* *Lisbon*. So called by the Ancients.

against them, only that while I staid among them, I received no affronts or ill usage from them.

At length, by my persuasions, which were strenuously backed by those of my mother, and Don Lafindos De Cortez, and his lady, my father settled his affairs in this country ; and the following Spring, we all took shipping for England.

Having a fine trade-wind all the way, we made a short voyage on't ; and if the ladies had not been sea-sick, which, in some measure, damped our spirits, it would have been the most agreeable, not to say delightful, one that ever was sailed.

We cast anchor in Portsmouth-road, on the 2nd. of April, 1800 ; and in two hours after, we sat down to a good dinner, at a first-rate Inn in the town.

On the removal of the cloth, we fell into a very pleasant conversation ; in the

midst of which, we were surprised by the sudden striking up of a violin in the street, which was played in a most masterly style, and which sent forth tones of the sweetest melody. We directly ran to the window, and discovered this second *Timotheus* to be an old man in a bushy wig and tattered coat, who stood with his back against a post, trying his best to extort the 'passing tribute' of a halfpenny.

"Surely, my eyes deceive me!" cried my father, changing colour; "I could swear, I knew that face.—Every feature so like—yet it cannot be——" "Oh, my God!" cried my mother, appearing quite thunderstruck; "It is that excellent man, Mr. Prosody!" I looked, and was so far convinced, that I leaped through the window without giving warning, and had hold of him by the arm in a twinkling. Nay, such was my eagerness, that I knocked the instrument out of his hand, which fell violently upon the ground, and broke into shivers.. The people about him stared

with vexation and surprise: the old man hrew up his eyes towards the sky, as much as to say, "What have I done, to leserve this outrage?" And thou, my good reader, wilt doubtless wonder too; not at my making this blunder, but that the grave, the enlightened, the noble-hearted Mr. Prosody, should now appear before thee metamorphosed into the character of a blackguard fiddler.

When I spoke to him, he knew my voice in a moment, and pressing me to his honest bosom, ejaculated, with *Virgil*, that *Colossus* in Pastoral and Epic-Poetry,

"*O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,  
Spiritus et quantum sat erit tua dicere facta!*"

The scene between him and my parents was truly affecting, so affecting, indeed, that it drew a shower of tears from the eyes of the manly Larindos: my sister sobbed as though her feeling heart had been breaking in twain; and I, for my

share, whimpered till my face was fairly flooded.

The good old pedagogue, as soon as the tempest had subsided, told us the occasion of his being in so low a condition. "About three years ago," said he; "a gentleman of Lincoln, who was in poor circumstances, and with whom I had some acquaintance, prevailed upon me to be bound with him for the sum of eight hundred pounds, which a person was about to lend him, and which, he solemnly declared he should be able to pay at the exact time (twelve months thence) that the covenant expressed. But I had not been settled many weeks at my little farm, after having given up my school, when I received a letter from the creditor, who told me, that the borrower had fled the place; that the time specified in the bond, was almost out; and that he should certainly look to me for payment. This, I confess, was a great shock to me; but I immediately sold my farm, for a hundred pounds more than

the debt amounted to, which I discharged; and paying off, with the remainder, what I owed on my own account, I left myself penniless. I was too proud to ask, and too hopeless to expect, relief from any man in England; [here he glanced an affectionate look at my father] but, placing a firm reliance in the Almighty's providence, I had recourse to my fiddle for a subsistence; and have been a strolling beggar, or, in other words, a vagabond, ever since."

While sordid fools are rais'd to boundless pow'r,  
And cringing knaves in base-gain'd wealth abound,  
Poor modest merit, like the rain-drench'd flow'r,  
Unshelter'd—falls—is levell'd with the ground.

My father chid him for not having applied to him in his distress. "Upon me, my dear Mr. Prosody," said he; "you have a thousand claims. Why, then, did you suffer, when you knew that I would lay down my life to serve you?" These were not merely words: my father had a



grateful heart, and would have returned a favour with twenty, as interest, if it had lain in his power.

We staid a day longer in Portsmouth than we had intended, in order that Mr. Prosody might be put in better trim, which was accordingly done ; and early the following morning, we set out for London, in two chaises ; my parents and their old friend in one, and Don Larindos De Cor-tez, his wife, and myself, in the other.

In a week after our arrival, my father took a large house at the West-end of the town, which he furnished in a sumptuous manner, purchased a carriage, and hired a suitable number of servants.

I found Mr. and Mrs. Evans in their old house ; and they welcomed my return in the most friendly manner conceivable. I introduced them to my family, who were mightily pleased with them, and shewed them great courtesy, in consideration of their kindness towards me.

My father and Mr. Evans, in a short time, were *hand* and *glove*; and at his (my father's) immediate request, and by the consent of my mother and the rest, he and his wife came to live in the same house with us: and I may say, without vanity, that we formed one of the most agreeable societies in the kingdom.

## CHAP. XXI.

*Short and sweet.*

**D**ON Larindos De Cortez, who had been a great traveller, and had seen a number of fine towns, thought London the noblest place in the world. He took great delight in looking through Westminster Abbey, and the Tower, and was struck with admiration at the exquisite magnificence of St. Paul's. I went with him frequently to the Play, which was an amusement that he liked above all others. We were, one night, in the pit together at Covent-garden, when a young lady and a gentleman well stricken in years, (whose appearance threw my heart into a strange palpitation) entered one of the side-boxes on the right of us, in the persons of squire Ainsworth and his charming niece.

My brother-in-law, who, to give him

his due, had a world of discernment, quickly saw the alteration in my countenance and behaviour, and as quickly discovered the occasion of it.

“Love,” said he, whispering in my ear; “is a cruel tyrant. The more the wounds which he has given, fester, the more he is pleased. In good earnest, brother Ranger, you are in an ill plight.”

What he said was very true: I was in a terrible pickle to be sure; and being, like *Olympia's* war-like *Son*,

——unable to conceal *my* pain,  
Gaz'd on the Fair,  
Who caus'd *my* Care,  
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.

Mr. Ainsworth appeared somewhat dwindled in body, but his face was very fresh and florid; in which, while *Hebe* and *Venus* sported innocently in the gentle Olivia's, *Bacchus*, sottish God! played a hot and riotous game.

I called to mind the many happy and delightful hours I had spent with my charmer at the old hall ; and in this consideration all my wrongs were drowned. Every thing that had pleased me, I remembered ; all things that had given me pain, I forgot.

One moment, I longed to be in the box beside her ; another, I wished myself out of the theatre. Jealousy, in his turn, played me a shrewd prank ; for I took it for granted, that she had, by this time, blotted from her memory all thoughts of me, and fixed her affections upon another. Confused and hampered as I was with these and divers other cogitations, her beauty so much bewitched me, that I must needs bethink me of that sweet line of *Catullus* :

*Omnibus, una, omnes surripuit Veneres.*

and that of *Tassus* :

*Non copri sue belleze è non l'epose,*

and above all, the following metaphorical and truly sublime ones of the ingenious

**lord Lansdown :**

All other Beauties are inferior Stars,  
At her appearance vanishing apace:  
Whene'er she mounts, they set.

The play passed on, and I paid not the least heed to it. The declamatory powers of the admirable Kemble, in the noble character of Cato, had not the least effect upon my revolving soul, which continued to enjoy its own thoughts, in spite of ranting, pathetic tones, the sudden bursts of applause from the audience, and repeated flourishes with trumpets and drums. In real fact, this enchanting girl, whose dress was elegance itself, engrossed every atom of my attention.

Soon after the curtain dropped, she threw her expressive eyes, which I had watched with all the steady mindfulness of an astronomer, accidentally upon me. At first, she seemed to doubt the truth of what they told her ; but, in a few moments, her face was crimsoned over with blushes,

I called to mind that she  
 delightful hour she—Oh, vanity—  
 charmer at t<sup>h</sup>  
 sideration

Every t<sup>h</sup>

memt

pai

*she had a little recovered herself,*  
*she whisper her uncle, who imme-*  
*diately looked into the pit, and finding*  
*me out, he smiled and nodded at me, as*  
*freely as if we had been the best friends*  
*in the world,* I confess, I was not a little  
 surprised at this mark of courtesy, and  
 was at a strange loss how to account for  
 it any otherwise than by supposing, that  
 he had discovered the folly and injustice  
 of his treatment of me, and relented.  
 Be that as it may, he saluted me in the  
 aforesaid manner; and I answered him  
 with equal civility and good-will.

Before the farce was half over, they  
 quitted the box, and took my heart with  
 them. As I was not in a humour to lend  
 an ear to what was doing on the stage,  
 and as the only object of my regard had  
 left the house, I prevailed upon Don La-

ndos, at the end of the first Act, to go  
ne with me.

That night, I spoke not a syllable to  
any one; went to bed supperless; and  
dived, immediately, into a sea of pas-  
sionate thoughts, in which I wallowed and  
plunged, without being visited by Nature's  
sage *Physician*, till I was called up to  
breakfast next morning.



which not only convinced me that she knew me, but that she——Oh, vanity——vanity!

When she had a little recovered herself, I saw her whisper her uncle, who immediately looked into the pit, and finding me out, he smiled and nodded at me, as freely as if we had been the best friends in the world, I confess, I was not a little surprised at this mark of courtesy, and was at a strange loss how to account for it any otherwise than by supposing, that he had discovered the folly and injustice of his treatment of me, and relented. Be that as it may, he saluted me in the aforesaid manner; and I answered him with equal civility and good-will.

Before the farce was half over, they quitted the box, and took my heart with them. As I was not in a humour to lend an ear to what was doing on the stage, and as the only object of my regard had left the house, I prevailed upon Don La-

rindos, at the end of the first Act, to go home with me.

That night, I spoke not a syllable to any one; went to bed supperless; and dived, immediately, into a sea of passionate thoughts, in which I wallowed and plunged, without being visited by Nature's sage *Physician*, till I was called up to breakfast next morning.

## CHAP. XXII.

*In which the Author arrives at his  
Summum Bonum.*

**I**T is the remark of a pretty old author, that when a man's conscience takes part against him, the most despicable weapon is sufficient to wound him to the quick. I believe, there is great truth in this: and I also believe, that when a man is desperately in love, it is a very easy matter to please or put him out of the way.

Don Larindos, the minute I entered the breakfast-room, fell upon me in proper earnest and without any preface, about the beauty we had seen at the theatre: the ladies, who, I suppose, had their cue from him, followed at his heels, and bantered me most intolerably, indeed, till I was quite out of temper. But my father and Mr. Evans took up the matter somewhat gravely. "When I fell in love with you,

Sophy," cried the former, looking affectionately at my mother; "I would have played the devil with that person who had dared to make sport of me. The man whose heart is not open to that sweet passion, is a brute; and let me tell you, the soul which is capable of admitting it in all its purity, is of too delicate a texture to bear with jesting and raillery." "And I assure you, my dear," cried Mr. Evans, fixing his eyes upon his helpmate; "that when I was sighing and languishing for you, I would rather a person had given me a blow, than laughed at me."

But these mild rebukes produced no other consequence than that of putting fresh feathers in the wings of their drollery. Donna Larindos De Cortez laid at me without mercy; Mrs. Evans and my mother were less violent, though not less witty; and the grave Spaniard sat chuckling with all the heartiness, or rather foolishness, of an old fellow in his dotage, who is pleased with the romping of a

wanton wench. In short, they shewed me such little compassion, that, although I had two powerful voices in my favour, I could not stand my ground any longer. I swallowed what breakfast I had a stomach for, in a hurry, and took shelter in a room where I thought it would be possible for me to give a loose to and enjoy my thoughts, without interruption. But I had not been there more than ten minutes, when my father broke in upon me, and seating himself by my side, "Tell me, my Godfrey," cried he, in a most tender persuasive manner, and straining me to his bosom; "tell me, my boy, the true state of thy heart. If thou hast bestowed it on a sensible and virtuous woman, nothing shall be wanting, on my part, to put thee in possession of her. Mistake me not, Godfrey: I do not speak thus to extort the secret from you. If you wish it to remain such, I would rather perish,—yes, my dear boy, I would rather perish, than ask you to disclose it against your will. But, surely, you may entrust a fa-

ther with it; a father who loves you,—and whose indulgence towards you is, and ever shall be, without limit. To see you settled in the world, would be my highest glory. Your sister is already provided for. It is my constant prayer, that you, my Godfrey, may be married to an equally worthy person. When that prayer is heard, but not till then, your father's happiness will be perfect."

In an ecstasy at this unparalleled instance of parental affection and goodness, I sunk upon his breast, and wept aloud with gratitude. My feelings, for several minutes, deprived me of utterance; but, at length, regaining it, I told him my amorous tale; which, as the reader is already acquainted with it, I shall not here repeat, but proceed to inform him of those matters that succeeded it.

When my father had heard all I had to say on the subject, he caught me earnestly by the hand, which he pressed with his

lips. "Oh, my dear boy!" cried he, a big tear standing in each eye; "*your* case has been mine. But I had a cruel hard-hearted father, who—but let me not upbraid the dead,—I will leave no stone unturned to find out in what part of the town this Mr. Ainsworth lives. If I succeed in my enquiries, I will beseech him,—I will, my dear Godfrey,—I will. He cannot refuse, when I tell him, that you shall have a fortune equal to that of his niece. Do not despair, my boy!—If he be a man of a feeling turn, if he love her with half the sincerity you tell me he does, then I have not the least doubt of success." Saying this, he bussed me, in the height of fatherly tenderness, upon the cheek, and went out of the room; leaving me transported with his great generosity, and the *hopes* of being speedily united to the peerless Olivia.

Three days passed away, and he made no more mention of the affair; but on the morning of the fourth, he met me with a

smiling countenance, and taking me aside, told me, that he had found out the abode of Mr. Ainsworth; and that he had waited upon him, and made every thing agreeable.

'Tis impossible to describe the satisfaction which this good news afforded me. I tricked myself up to the best advantage, and went, that very afternoon, to pay a visit to my charmer and her uncle, whose house was in Grosvenor-square.

I was received by them with the utmost politeness and respect. Mr. Ainsworth, after the usual greetings and ceremonies were passed, told me, that he had, long since, seen the folly and injustice of his conduct towards me; and craved my pardon, very submissively. I said, in reply, that I remembered nothing but his kindness; and begged, that he would never speak of that matter again. Olivia said little; but her looks made amends for the silence of her tongue.



The old gentleman, as soon as decency would admit, left us by ourselves; and after a little *humming* and *haing*, sighing and gazing, I revived the old play. Whilst I was speaking, her eyes were cast on the floor, and a vermilion blush, like the sudden appearances of sun-shine in Spring, burst, at intervals, upon her face, and gave fresh beauty and innocence to it. Her replies, though full of timidity and discretion, blew my kindling hopes into a flame of rapture; and in the ardour of honest love, I caught her in my eager arms, and well nigh worried her with kisses.

Without encroaching upon the reader's good-nature with a detail of our courtship, which, for aught I can tell, was like all other courtships, replete with jealousies, fears, anxieties, hopes, and joys, let it suffice, that the day was, at length, fixed upon for our wedding.

Meanwhile, two elegant houses were built upon Mr. Ainsworth's estate, hard

by the old hall, at his and my father's expence: one for Don Larindos and his lady; the other for me and my intended bed-fellow; the rest of our little society designing to pig together in the hall: for every one of us had more gust for the quiet and tranquillity of the country, than the noise and uproar of the Metropolis.

On the fourteenth of June, 1801, (blessed day!) the lovely and virtuous Olivia and I were made one flesh. We were married by special licence, in the house of her uncle; all my family being present at the ceremony.

My father, forthwith, made me a gift of forty thousand pounds, and Mr. Ainsworth put me in possession of my consort's fortune, which now amounted to thirty-four thousand pounds, without *clause* or *restriction*; and moreover promised, in an arch manner, that he would give four thousand pounds to every child she brought into the world, let them be as

many as the *evils* in *Pandora's box*: and it may, perhaps, redound to his credit, when I say, that he has, hitherto, faithfully fulfilled that promise.

Soon after this event, which has made me one of the happiest men in Christendom, we all set out for our new habitation in the country; where we arrived in perfect safety; and have enjoyed, ever since, an almost uninterrupted felicity.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans, and my father and mother, are two of the most affectionate couples in the world, always agreeing both in sentiment and desire; indeed, they are *examples* which every married pair, whose hearts and understandings are not vitiated with *modern precepts*, would glory to follow.

Mr. Ainsworth is grown less violent in his temper, but he courts the bottle more furiously, if possible, than ever, and entertains us, now and then, with a boisterous sporting-catch.

...Mr. Prosody's intellects, owing to age and intense application, are now declining very fast: from one of the most witty and agreeable companions in the kingdom, he has well nigh degenerated into what *Shakespear* calls 'second childishness and mere oblivion.' The good old man is sensible of this rapid decay,—so sensible, indeed, that he frequently repeats, with a sorrowful look, the following line from *Virgil's* ninth *Eclogue*:

*Omnia fert ætas, animum quoque.*

Don Larindos De Cortez and his lady, than whom I may safely challenge the world to shew a happier couple, have now three prattling pledges (all boys); and it is to be hoped, that Spanish and British blood thus united will produce something extraordinary.

My amiable yokefellow, to please whom it will be the whole study and business of my life, has already blessed me with five fine children (two boys and three girls);

and I shrewdly *suspect*, that she will shortly have occasion to sing lullaby to a sixth.

## CHAP. XXIII.

*The last Chapter in this Eventful History, in which the Author, after a little bowing and scraping, bids the Reader good b'ye.*

**N**ow, courteous reader, art thou at the end of thy journey; at least, thou hast travelled as far as is needful for thee to do: but if thy patience be not quite jaded, I beg that thou wilt walk, at thy leisure, over the few remaining farewell-pages.

I have endeavoured, throughout these sheets, as far as in me lay, to ridicule some of the most prominent vices and follies of mankind. That ridicule I have sprinkled over with humour which I thought would be grateful to the palates of those readers whom it was my design to please. As for the rest, it is a matter of little concern or moment to me, whether they pronounce me a dullard or a

wit. To judge for myself, I think, my faculties neither rise to distinction, or sink to contempt: and I humbly conceive, it will be no feather in my cap, if it be said, that the History of Godfrey Ranger is as entertaining as most modern productions. I would not, however, be understood by this, that I expect, or even hope, to make some figure in the Republic of Letters. Such a reflection never troubles me; for, I am persuaded, chance does more in forming and establishing a reputation, than all our schemes and contrivances. A lucky hit is every thing: the personal applause which it attracts, we are willing to ascribe to our own superior wisdom. I knew a person who shot a partridge, as it flew along the declivity of a hill; the same shot killed a hare, which lay in its form. He was not loath to receive the applause of those who praised him for his management, in reserving his fire till the bird, which he *did* see, was on a line with the hare, which he *did not* see, or dream of. The game and the merit, however, were his.

I have, before this, blushed at praise which I was conscious I did not deserve; I have likewise reddened at unprovoked censure. The first was the vermilion tint of honesty; the other the purple hue of vexation.

All that I am solicitous about, is, that my book may be read in its true light; that is to say, that no one may apply any character or stroke of satire therein to himself, and fancy, that I have written this thing and t'other out of malice or pique: for I swear by the *Great Bear*, (which is a very noble constellation) that I have not levelled my *musket* against the vices, ill habits, and negligences, of any particular persons, but at those of the people in general.

To say the truth, it is against my natural disposition to be at strife or enmity with any one; and, in fact, I believe, the same is the case with all men. What keeps alive resentment is the backward-



ness each party feels for an explanation ; for want of which, we brood over and hatch imaginary evils into real ones, and are too indulgent to ourselves not to extenuate provocations to those we have quarrelled with ; or, indeed, self-complacency may prevail so much, as to extinguish the notion of our having done wrong. So resentment feeds upon fancy ; and time, instead of destroying, nourishes it. I take it, that this is a true picture of one general feature of mankind. If it be, it may help to explain the cause of that implacable hatred which too often succeeds strong friendship. Anger is a very bad passion at the best ; and though it does not destroy reason, it certainly perverts it ; and without our knowledge, or apprehension, of their being unjust, drives us to acts of injustice ; and is the more dangerous to be indulged, because it takes from us the power of distinguishing between what is just or unjust. I am persuaded, that the remedy is always at hand, and it is, at all times, the height of folly not to apply it.

I have tried, as I have before said, to knock those vices and incongruences on the head which, I thought, most deserved reproof; and also to make the more inconsiderable ones appear contemptible and foolish: for though wisdom is not a gift to all, yet modesty and decency are in the power of every one; and while it is cruelty to blame for the defect of the first, it is but justice to censure impudence and ill manners; for there is no other way of correcting, but by treating the persons exercising them, like brutes, and lashing them out of their vicious and barefaced habits; and then, but not till then, is there a chance of training them to such as are gentle and good.

Unmerciful satire, however, I have warily avoided, because it degenerates, for the most part, into scurrility, as well as overstrained praise does to flattery. Every man has a *shade*, and I would not give a rush for a man without one, for you may conclude, that he has no *Sun*.

Though I cannot altogether subscribe to what *Quintilian* is pleased to urge,—

*Frustra mala omnia ad crimen Fortunæ, relegamus,  
nemo nisi culpâ sua dolet,*

yet I firmly believe, that every man in bad circumstances, may, by dint of care and plodding, raise his head above the water; or, in other words, drive away many of the rubs that stand in the road which leads to his welfare and comfort. If he perceive, that he is sinking in the world, and will not make an effort to save himself, he certainly deserves to drown. In short, the greatest and most blameable indifference that the mind can harbour, is that which some men betray, when their fortune and happiness are falling to destruction. This is a lethargy of soul which is next door to barbarism, and which, in my poor opinion, cannot be too much condemned and derided. But no more of this,

If I have failed to divert those for whom I wrote, I am heartily sorry; indeed, I

would willingly forbear taking a pen in hand for five years, (which, by the way, is a terrible penance for a scribbler) could I but recall the time that I first thought of planning this history.

A true critic I love, honour, and reverence, as I do a faithful and upright friend; a pseudo-critic, that is, one whose pretension to criticism is greater than his title, I despise and hate with the same heartiness and free-will, as I do the subtle smooth-tongued knave who says one thing, and means another.

To the former I am all obedience, and shall humbly submit to his *sentence*, whether it be good, bad, or indifferent. As for the latter, I will anticipate his observations, (which may save him a world of pains) and so he will have nothing but the *pleasure* of reading and *admiring*.

“ The fellow wants genius to design, talents to pursue, and judgment to execute.

What hath he then ? That which supplies all,—vanity ! that mental antidote and panacea ; the cousin-German of Hope ; the giver of fancied powers, and embellisher of simple deeds ; the hero's object, and the coward's enjoyment ; the painter of palaces, and sweeper of cots ; the parson's testimonial, and the ballad-singer's licence ; the wise man's spur, and the fool's \*bridle ; the general halloos in the pursuit of that break-neck shadow, Fame ; the preventer of good designs, and promoter of those that are absurd and foolish. Oh, Vanity ! thou dazzler of the understanding ! thou dancing light ! how dost thou amuse, fascinate, and blind ! The steady rays of reason are ineffectually shot on those orbs whose vision thou hast confounded."

But for an author to please all descriptions of readers is almost a physical impossibility. For my own share, I repeat,

\* The bridle is to guide as well as restrain.

that if these sheets have yielded any amusement or delight to those for whom they were designed, I am satisfied; if not, I must pocket the disappointment, and ponder upon what *Virgil* says, in his third *Georgic*:

—*Tentanda via est, quâ me quoque possim  
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.*

But I will not, my good-natured reader, trespass upon thy patience any longer. Whether we have travelled together upon good or ill terms, I pray thee let us part like Christians; and 'tis my fervent wish, that if ever we should meet again, we may shake each other by the hand, with all the cordiality and friendship of brothers.

FINIS.

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### ERRATA OF VOL. I.

Page 16, line 16, the word *argus* ought to begin  
with a capital.

„ 22, „ 9, for *gone* read *done*.

„ 39, „ 1, for *dents* read *students*.

„ 73, „ 5, after the word *honey* read in  
*them*.

„ 75, „ 21, for *was* read *is*.

„ 113, „ 8, for *strepie* read *steepie*.

### ERRATUM OF VOL. II.

Page 102, line 9, for *stand* read *stood*.

### ERRATA OF VOL. III.

Page 38, line 14, for *he* read *I*.

„ 68, „ 6, after *way* read *to*.











